

NEIGHBORS

DRAWER 11A

PIGEON CREEK TRAIL

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Indiana Pigeon Creek

Neighbors

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

This letter was written by
John Morgan of Rockford Ind
to his wife Mrs Mary Ewing Morgan
who had taken the children and gone
back home in Grayson Co Ky.
during the sickly season in Ind.

It is interesting to note him
speaking of the different settlements ~~and~~
the sickness in each. I wonder if
the Lincolns did not live in the Jones
settlement. I have tried to make
out the letter and write it out for
your convenience in reading - G. H. Clark

I have been thinking of you
 very much lately
 and hope you are
 well and happy
 as ever
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 very much lately
 and hope you are
 well and happy
 as ever
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 very much lately
 and hope you are
 well and happy
 as ever

August
alone
of Mexico
in use;
and
the
the
the
the

It is a duty as well as an opportunity
 to you to ever be friendly
 to the cause of the
 poor. I am
 Yours truly
 Wm. L. G.

title was declared imper-
 in discrepancy of 25. May
 account than get the ter-
 than that of the Russian empire
 extent - the British States of
 one is to be considered of great
 value - was rendered
 the \$12,000.00
 the whole product
 to

The Baptists Church of Christ at Clifton Springs
Union to the General Association convened at
Meeting House Breckinridge County Kentucky on the
Second Friday in October 1891

Dear Brethren we rejoice to think that our
other annual meeting has rolled round, that we may hear
from the sister churches with which we are in Union
And to let you know our present state & standing,
which is as follows (now) We have since our last
association received two by letter & two dismissed by
letter so that our present number in good standing &
fellowship is twenty. And for further particulars we
refer you to our beloved Brethren James & Nancy G.

Whom we have sent to
bear this letter and also with you in Council. We have
nothing more pleasing to write to you than that we are
at peace with each other, ^{Brother} We desire your prayers at
a throne of Grace, & also hope the presence of the Lord
will be with you through the whole course of your meeting
& bless you; Is the prayer of your unworthy Brethren for
Christ sake

James & Nancy Moderators
Samuel Snyder Clerk

THE DEMOCRAT.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1860.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860

STEP'N. A. DOUGLAS,

Of Illinois.

Subject to the decision of a Democratic National Convention.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET,
For 1860.

FOR GOVERNOR,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Shelby.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,

DAVID TURPIE, of White.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,

WILLIAM M. SCHLATER, of Wayne.

FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,

JOSEPH RISTINE, of Fountain.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE,

NAT'L. F. CUNNINGHAM, of Vigo.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,

OSCAR B. FORD, of Decatur.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
SAMUEL L. RUGG, of Allen.

FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, of Dearborn.

FOR REPORTER OF SUPREME COURT,

MICHAEL C. KERR, of Floyd.

A Venerable old Pioneer—Early Times in Spencer County.

During court week we met with that venerable individual known as the "oldest inhabitant." His name is William Kellums, and he lives near Grand View, in this county. Mr. Kellums, was born in 1795, and came with his parents to what is now Spencer county, in the year 1811 or 1812. At that time the Territory embraced in Warwick and Spencer counties was attached to Perry, and the county seat was at Troy.—Mr. Kellums, says that in those early days, the settlers who were few, used to go to court at Troy, with their guns and knapsacks, ready at a moments notice to encounter the savages of the dense forests, who swarmed about in great numbers. In their knapsacks they would carry their *venisonjerk*, and corn cake. Court used to convene in a little log cabin at Troy, and when jurors retired to consult as to their verdict, they were led out into the woods by the baliff, and mounting a log, then and there make out their decision according to the real merits of the case. Some times when the jury were equally balanced they would toss up a chip, and if it came down *wet* the Plaintiff gained his suit, if *dry* then the Defendant was the lucky man. It was at one of these courts, so tradition has it, that one of

the disciples of *Coke*, moved the court, presided over at the time, by two worthy associate Judges, in the absence of the Circuit Judge, to throw a certain suit out of court on account of some defect in the papers, and suiting the action to the word the worthy associates *pitched* the papers out of the window, and thereby emphatically sustained the motion of the Lawyer. Mr. Kellums, says that when he came to the country, there were but few settlements.—There was a block house near little sandy creek, the present site of Grandview, and one three or four miles above, and near the old Ben. Lamar farm. The settlement at the mouth of little sandy, was made by Mr. Ray, the father of Wilson, Abel, and Azariah Ray, and one Wm. Black. The settlement above was made by the father of Thompson Lamar, old Uriah Lamar.—Another settlement had been made below Rockport, by Col. Daniel Grass. The present site of Rockport, was then a dense forest and thickly tangled with wild grape vines. A family, by the name of Meeks, settled out on Pigeon, near where Scanland's old mill stood. From these settlements, narrow trails ran, just wide enough for a horse man, or a footman. One of the trails went from Troy, to the "yellow banks," now Owensboro, Ky. In the fall of 1813, an old Indian, by the name of Setteedown, and his son, slipped up to the cabin of Meeks on Pigeon, and as he opened the door to go out shot him dead. The savages then stole a large amount of Meek's property and fled. The massacre being found out by the Pioneers, a party was formed who followed in pursuit of old Setteedown, and his son.—They traced them to the banks of the Patoka, in what is now Dubois county, and coming upon the savages unawares took them all prisoners. The whites then retraced their steps, and with their captives arrived at Lamar's block house the following day. Here a counsel was held, as to the punishment to be inflicted upon old Setteedown and his son. While the deliberations were going on, Jesse Meeks, a son of the murdered man, was asked if he recognized the gun that was found in old Setteedown's possession. The young man, bursting into tears, says "yes that is father's gun." The sight of Jesse Meek's tears, so enraged John Ewing, one of the settlers, that he seized a horse pistol from one of his companions, and rushing to the spot where Setteedown lay bound hand and foot, on a Scaffolding, he thrust it through a crack and blowed old Setteedown's brains out. This act at once put a stop to further deliberations. The young Indian and the aquaws were set at liberty and ordered to leave the country, which they did. Old

Setteedown, was thrown into a little hole scooped out of the ground, and covered with his blanket, upon which was thrown a little loose dirt and leaves. Mr. Kellums, says that he often afterwards thrust his cane down into old Setteedown's grave, and felt his blanket. Many of the young folks afterwards declared that they had seen the ghost of old Setteedown, as they passed his grave. The locality of the spot where the old Indian was buried, is about three miles above Grand View at the old Lamar place. There was an Indian village located between the two Pigeons, and not far from Gentryville. During the disturbances between the settlers and Indians of the year 1811, 12, and 13, many of the Pioneers who settled in what is now Spencer county, shouldered their rifles, and leaving their wives and children in care of their neighbors at the block houses, joined the army of the North West, and fought bravely under Gen. Harrison.

Mr. Kellums, who visited Rockport, as a witness in the suit of John Hammond, Vs. Alfred Lamar, and others, for partition of lands, owned by old Mr. Ray, and upon which a block house once stood, is a hale harty, old gentleman of sixty-five, with silvery locks. His recollection is vivid as to early incidents, and he is a connecting link, between the past generation of hardy pioneers, who opened up this fruitful land, and the present generation, who reap the rewards of their toil and bravery. He has lived to see the wilderness blossom like the rose, and to behold thousands of happy people tilling the soil that then was the happy hunting grounds of old Setteedown and his tribe. Nearly, if not quite all, of the early pioneer companions of old Uncle Billy Kellums, have paid the debt of nature and gone to a better and brighter land. He alone, of all those hardy brave men, is left to tell us of the privations and hardships endured by the early settlers of Spencer County.

The Boy Lincoln.

Lincoln's early youth was spent in Spencer County, Indiana, above Rockport, a beautiful little city crowning the abrupt cliffs which frown over the Ohio River. He was faithful and industrious, but there was in him a latent indolence which made him fond of taking his rod to fish; or with his gun upon his shoulder he would roam in search of game over the long, low hills bursting with red clay. There are living at present several old citizens who knew Lincoln well at that time. He was thoughtful, and his solitary expeditions probably gave him plenty of opportunity to indulge his meditative faculties. The description of his appearance, his long, lank legs under an awkward body, his homely face upon which the prominent nose stood like a handle, his long hair dangling upon his shoulders, bring up instantly the picture of Ichabod Crane in the twilight stealing over the hills of Sleepy Hollow to pay his court to Fraulein Katrina Von Tassel.

The embryo statesman was full of spirit and fond of pranks. One old gentleman in Rockport lives to tell the last time he saw Lincoln. He was visiting the Lincoln homestead, and as he was coming away they found a trespassing cow hanging about the gate. The cow had given the Lincolns much annoyance by entering their garden and committing depredations. Young Abe was dressed in a suit of jeans, without any coat, as it was summer time, and on his head he wore a broad-rimmed, white straw hat, part of which was cracked and broken. Finding the cow standing hypocritically meek at the gate, young Abe leaped astride on her back, and digging his bare heels into her sides, the astonished animal broke away down the road in a gallop. "The last I saw of Abe Lincoln," the old gentleman relates fondly, "he was swinging his hat, shouting at the top of his voice, and galloping down the road on that thunder stricken cow."

In the old country church near the Lincoln place, is a pulpit which was made by Abe Lincoln and his father. There is a book case in the Evansville custom-house made by the same carpenters, and taken there for preservation. Near where the old house stood is a dilapidated corn crib with rail floor, the rails for which were split by young Lincoln. Last fall a monument was raised over Nancy Lincoln's grave through the efforts of General Veatch, of Rockport. It is a plain slab with a plain inscription.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*. 1881 (Jan)

Green. Wm.

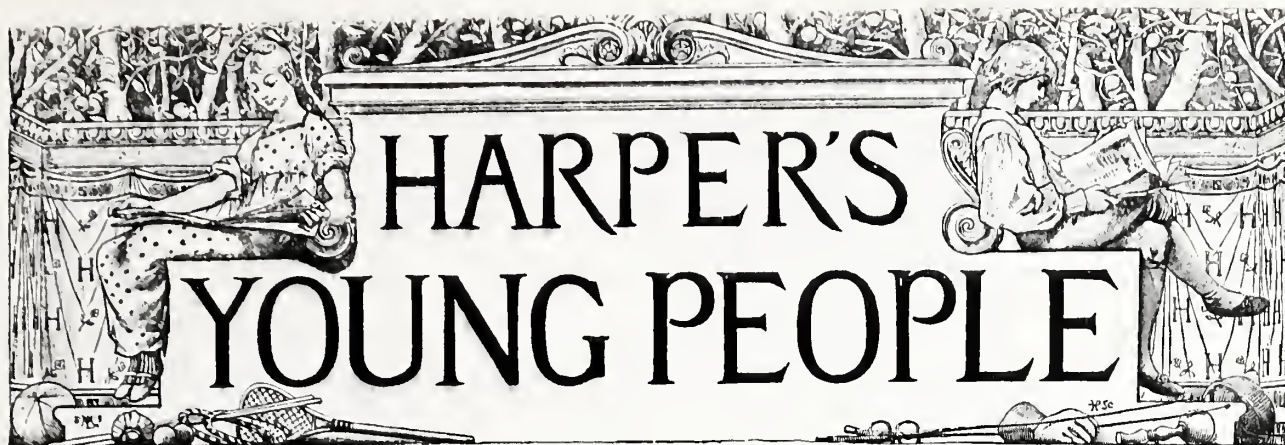
Lincoln's Joke About His Biography.

William Graham Green has many reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln's young manhood, says the Sun. When Lincoln was elected president he did not forget his old fellow clerk and friend. It was in 1862 that they came together again, but each had watched the other's career with great interest.

When Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, ex-Governor Dennison of Ohio went to Springfield to see him and get from him a sketch of his life to be used for campaign purposes. Lincoln said, "Oh, let it alone; I never did anything worth writing about."

The governor insisted that a sketch was very necessary, and then Lincoln gave the governor the names of some of his friends to get his history from.

Among those names was Green's, and Lincoln said when he gave it to Dennison: "He knows what not to tell you, which is more important than what he does tell you."

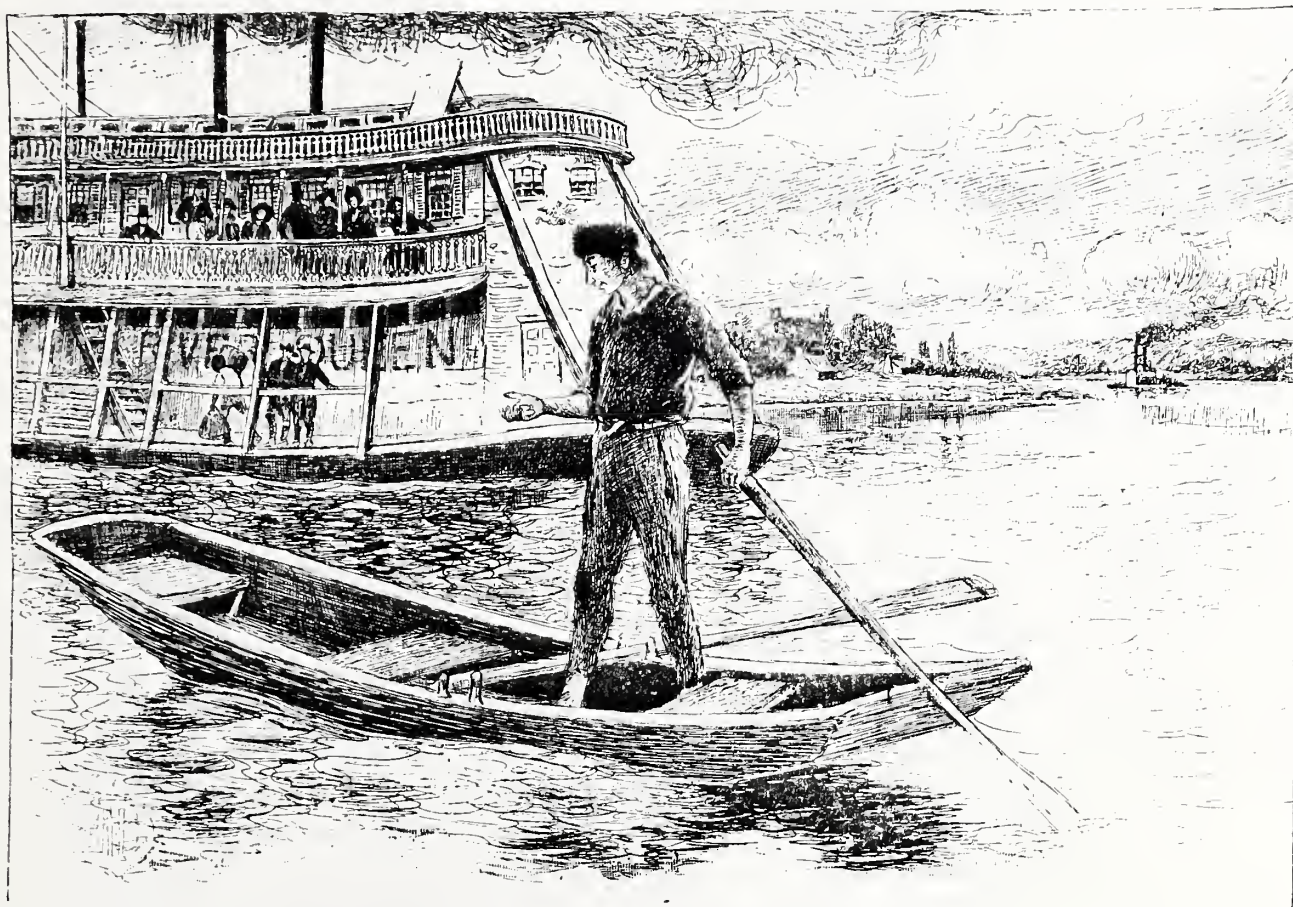


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.*

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

IV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S school days were over. His father thought that it was time for him to be done with books and to begin to earn wages, for he could swing an axe as well as any man in Pigeon Creek, or strike as heavy a blow with a beetle. James Taylor wanted him to tend his ferry on the Ohio River. He never had pulled an oar, but it would not take him long to learn how to manage a boat. And so, at the age of seventeen, he is ferrying people across the Ohio River at Gentry's land-

ing. Night and day he must be ready to accommodate travellers. It was not difficult to take a foot-passenger across in a canoe, but it made his arms ache to head a broad flat-bottomed boat up stream with a wagon and team of horses and oxen on board. It was only a pittance that he earned. It was a great event in his life when one day, as he took two men out to a passing steamboat, each gave him a shining silver half-dollar. Never before had he received so much money. He knew not what to think of it. A dollar for a few minutes' labor! The possibilities of life to him were larger than ever before as he pulled back to the landing.

* The first three articles of this series in Nos. 627, 630, and 636.

Katy Roby, whom he had so deftly prompted in spelling, was living at Gentry's landing. No doubt she found it very pleasant to sit with him in his boat on a moonlight evening when Venus was looking down upon them in ethereal beauty, and the new moon sinking towards the horizon.

"The moon does not go down; we do the going down," he said.

"You are a fool, Abraham," Katy replied.

"The earth turns from west to east every twenty-four hours; that makes the moon and stars seem to go down. It is only an illusion," he explained; and Katy wondered where he learned it all.

The boys living at Gentry's landing thought it great fun to catch turtles, and make them draw their heads into their shells by poking them with a stick. Abraham Lincoln did not see any fun in it, and told them that it was cruel, and he thought so much about it that he wrote a composition upon cruelty to animals.

He had seen so much misery and woe come from drinking whiskey, and could discover no reason why men should drink it, that he wrote an article advocating temperance. He showed it to Judge Pitcher, who kindly allowed him to take books from his library to read; and the Judge in turn showed it to Mr. Farmer, a minister, who had it published in a newspaper. So this ferry-boy, several years before the beginning of the great temperance movement throughout the country, did what he could to persuade people not to drink intoxicating liquors.

Abraham Lincoln had not seen much of the world, never had been more than twenty miles from home, but was so self-reliant that James Gentry, who kept a store, and who had a large quantity of corn and pork which he desired to sell, told him that he would give him eight dollars a month, besides his board, if he would go with his son down the Mississippi River on a flat-boat to Memphis, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, to dispose of the cargo.

Eight dollars a month! Bow-hand on a flat-boat! A chance to see things! Of course he would go.

The flat-boats, or "broad horns," as the people called them, were fifty or sixty feet in length, twenty wide; tall straight sycamore-trees hewn with axes into timbers one foot in thickness formed the sides; the bottom was of plank, made tight by caulking. There were broad oars, or "sweeps," as they were called, at the bow and stern. The broad horns floated with the current during the day, but when night came they were tied to trees, and the boatmen went to sleep on their beds of straw in a little cabin. They had a frying-pan and a few dishes. Their food was bacon, salt pork, potatoes, and corn-bread, cooked over a fire built on mud laid on the bottom of the boat. If, during the day, there was a strong wind, it required a good deal of skill to keep the boat in the current as they swept the many windings of the river. Down the Ohio into the Mississippi floated the Indiana broad horn; Abraham Lincoln was bow oarsman. Other boats from the Ohio, from the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, from the Illinois, from St. Louis, were floating on the mighty stream, loaded with corn, pork, beef, whiskey, pigs, or horses and cattle. Steamboats were going with the stream or against it, the fires of the furnaces glowing, the engines puffing, their shrill whistles waking the echoes of the forest. The great waterway of the nation was quick with life.

We may be sure that Abraham Lincoln saw all that was going on. It may be taken for granted that one who had already written about the Constitution and the Union saw what his fellow-boatmen did not see in the swift-moving steamboats and the great procession of flat-boats—the future greatness of the commerce of the nation.

In New Orleans he beheld a long line of steamers moored to the levee, and a forest of masts where the sea-going ships were anchored—ships from New York, Bos-

ton, Liverpool, London, and all the world's great seaports—loading with cotton, corn, wheat, whiskey, and other products of the South and West. Planters, merchants, sailors from foreign lands, boatmen, creoles, negroes, mulattoes were upon the levees. There was a jargon of voices—English, French, Spanish—a babel never before heard by the boatman from Pigeon Creek. He was, as it were, in a strange land, where a large proportion of the population spoke a foreign language.

The cargo sold, he returned to Pigeon Creek. It had been an educational trip. During the few weeks he had learned many things which he never could have learned from books.

This flat-boatman of Pigeon Creek had reached a period in life which has come to many other boys—the period of restlessness and discontent. His father wanted him to be a carpenter and joiner—to handle the saw, to frame buildings, plane boards, drive nails, use the chisel and auger. We need not wonder that Abraham Lincoln wanted to do something else, or that his spirit rebelled against choosing such an occupation to be followed through life. He had seen a little of the world—life on the Mississippi and in a bustling city. It is not probable that he had any definite idea as to what he would like to do, but he was sure that he did not want to plane boards, bore holes, and make mortises. He had earned eight dollars a month, or sixteen dollars during the two months' labor as boatman, which he gave to his father. Pigeon Creek was dull and unattractive. Why not leave home and strike out for himself? Why not cut loose forever from his father and mother and be a man? Why stay two years longer till he would be of age, handing over to his father his earnings? Such questions came to him, as they have to many others. Yes, he would go. But would it not be wise to ask William Wood about it? He had great respect for William Wood, who would tell him just what he ought to do.

"No, Abraham," said William, "you must not go away from your father till you can go rightfully. You are in duty bound to do what your father wants you to till you are twenty-one. You need not be a carpenter through life, but you are to be an obedient son till you are legally free to act for yourself. It is your duty and obligation."

That settled it. Duty and obligation were words to be revered. And so Abraham Lincoln went back to his father's house, as went the Child of Nazareth, to be obedient to his parents. There was no frown upon his face, no rebellion of spirit. He was doing his duty, and was happy.

THADDEUS-OF-WARSZAW TOOTS.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

IN the office of a steamship company in this city, a few days ago, I saw a large pasteboard box addressed to "Thaddeus-of-Warsaw Toots, Nassau, care Purser of S.S. *Cienfuegos*." The shape of the box, and the label of a well-advertised clothing firm on one corner, left no doubt that it contained a suit of clothes to protect Thaddeus from the chilly blasts of winter in his tropical home, where in extreme cases the thermometer sometimes falls as low as 60°.

Thaddeus-of-Warsaw being an old friend of mine, I was much interested in the box; the more so, perhaps, because I knew that not only these clothes, but many other good things that go in the same direction, are the results of faithful service performed while the little mahogany-colored West Indian was a resident for a short time of this country.

But how, you will ask, does any boy in the world happen to have such a remarkable name as Thaddeus-of-Warsaw Toots? Like most things, it is plain enough

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.*

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

V.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN was twenty-one years old, a man, free to leave his father's house and begin life for himself. What should he do? Which way go? People were migrating to Illinois. John Hanks was already there, and gave such accounts of the beauty of the country and its fertility that Thomas Lincoln and his sons-in-law all resolved to leave Pigeon Creek and make Illinois their home. There were few tender associations to be sundered, and there were many reasons why they should go. By leaving in March they would reach Illinois in the opening of spring. They had two yoke of oxen and two wagons. There were thirteen persons all told. They would take beds, bedding, frying-pans, dutch-ovens; camp wherever night overtook them; kindle a fire, fry the bacon, bake the corn-cake; sleep in the wagons if they could not find a cabin. Abraham Lincoln would drive his father's team.

It was not a propitious season of the year for a journey of more than two hundred miles in wagons. The winter had been severe, and there were deep drifts of snow. Winter winds were still sweeping through the forest. The rivers were running with ice. Rain and sleet beat in their faces. The roads were deep with mud, and at times the wagons sank to the axles.

A little dog trots by the side of Abraham Lincoln—a puppy that has joined them. They come to a river, its current swollen by melting snows. The oxen wade the ice-cold stream with all hands scated in the wagons. Unwittingly the puppy has been left behind. They hear his yelping. Lincoln has not the heart to leave him behind, but wades the river, takes him in his arms, and carries him once more to the wagon. "I cannot bear to see even a dog in distress," he said.

It was a long journey, requiring nearly three weeks of suffering and hardship. John Hanks had selected a location for them on the bank of the Sangamon not far from Decatur. So at the age of twenty-one, Abraham Lincoln, wearing a jean jacket, buckskin trousers, and a coonskin cap, driving an ox-team, entered Illinois to become thenceforth a citizen of that State.

He has reached the years of manhood. What will he do with himself? For what is he fitted? He is so strong-armed that he can swing an axe into a hickory log with as much force as any other wood-chopper in the Pigeon Creek settlement. He can pull an oar on a flat-boat, can grub among stumps, hold a plough, hoe corn. But he does not like muscular labor. He would much rather use his brains than his hands. But his knowledge of books is limited; he is not qualified to teach school. What probability is there that he will ever do anything more than split rails, pull an oar, or be a teamster? He helps his father build a new cabin, and with the opening of spring drives the oxen to break up fifteen acres of ground. This done, he is once more swinging the axe, cutting down trees, splitting enough rails to build a fence around the cabin. A few months before he became twenty-one years of age he was restless and impatient of restraint at home, but the fever has passed away, and he renders this service to his father.

Another settler wanted his ground ploughed, and we

see Abraham Lincoln helping to break fifty acres, alternately holding the plough and driving the oxen. His clothes are in tatters. He has no money, and so, to obtain a new pair of trousers, agrees with Nancy Miller, who owns a piece of land that needs fencing, to make him a new pair, he contracting to split four hundred rails for each yard of cloth needed—in all about fourteen hundred rails. He is under the necessity of travelling three miles to reach the timber, or six miles' travel during the day. We may think of him as going out in the morning with his axe and a bit of corn pone for dinner, making the woods ring with his sturdy blows during the day, and wearily returning at night. Of the one hundred and fifty-seven thousand people comprising the entire population of the State at that time, there was no one poorer than he. He had not a dollar that he could call his own. Seemingly there could not have been another young man in the State whose chances for getting on in life were worse than his.

It was a period when people were talking about the improvement of roads and rivers. Members of Congress were making speeches about the clearing of obstructions from rivers and opening them to navigation by appropriating money. There was much difference of opinion as to the power of Congress under the Constitution to devote money for such objects. It was said that Congress did not possess the power. On the other hand, it was claimed that the Constitution was for the welfare of all the States. The papers were discussing the question, and the people in the stores and groceries were talking about the matter. Abraham Lincoln had his own ideas in regard to the power of the Constitution, and astonished all who heard him by the force of his reasoning. The people who lived on the banks of the Sangamon thought that it would be very convenient to have steamboats plying upon that stream. Captain Bogue, who lived at Springfield, was very confident that the river could be made navigable. There were sand-bars and snags, and Mr. Rutledge had built a dam across the stream at New Salem. He thought that the channel might be deepened across the sand-bars and the snags removed. Public meetings were held at Springfield and Decatur and other towns, addressed by prominent citizens who were interested in the subject. A meeting was held near Decatur, which was addressed by a man who did not make a very convincing argument.

"Abe Lincoln will make a better speech than that."

"Where is he? Let us hear him," they cry.

The people who did not know him were much surprised when they saw a tall young man wearing shabby clothes mount a dry-goods box to address them. They were still more astonished at what he said. He set forth the great advantages that would come from having a regular line of steamboats on the Sangamon to take their corn and pigs and other produce to market. It was his first public speech.

Captain Bogue was so confident that the Sangamon could be successfully navigated that he visited Cincinnati and purchased the *Talisman*. There was great excitement in Springfield and other towns when it was announced in the newspapers that there was to be regular communication between Sangamon River, Alton, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. The merchants of Springfield advertised goods to arrive by the *Talisman*. Men who owned lots in the villages marked up their price, for each hamlet expected to become a thriving city. The boat left Cincinnati loaded with goods, and arrived at Beardstown. Abraham Lincoln and several other wood-choppers had passed down the river in a canoe, and were there to welcome them, each with his axe to cut down any tree along the banks whose overhanging branches might be in the way. The Sangamon was pouring out a flood of water, and the *Talisman* went gayly up to



WADES THE RIVER, AND CARRIES HIM ONCE MORE TO THE WAGON.

New Salem, over Mr. Rutledge's mill-dam, and on to Springfield. The citizens of that town were so glad that they gave the officers and crew a supper and a grand dance in the court-house. A few days passed, and the flood in the river was rapidly subsiding. The water was so low that there were ripples on the sand-bars. The Captain tried to make his way back to the Illinois River, but found the steamer grounding every few moments. He became discouraged. Abraham Lincoln had been down the Mississippi, and knew something about boating, and was ready to undertake with Rowan Herndon the job of getting the *Talisman* to Beardstown. They made a bargain with the Captain, and took charge of the steamer. They reached Rutledge's dam. When the boat ascended the river there was scarcely a ripple of the water as it rushed over the dam, but now the water fell in a shining sheet, and the boat could not go over without first cutting away some of the timbers of the dam.

"The Sangamon is a navigable stream, and no one has a right to build a dam across it," said Captain Bogue, and he set the crew to work to tear it away.

Mr. Rutledge protested against the destruction of his property, but an opening was made and the steamer attempted to pass, but did not go through.

"Back her!" shouted the pilot, and the paddle-wheels whirled up the water as the boat went up stream once more.

"Cut away the logs!" and again there was the clattering of axes enlarging the opening.

The owner of the dam and the people of New Salem were shaking their fists at Captain Bogue, and the air was thick with bad words; but with more logs cut away, the *Talisman* glided through the opening and went on her way, the pilot obeying the directions of Lincoln and Herndon, and reaching the Illinois without farther mishap. The boat was burned at St. Louis a few weeks later, the first and last steamer to navigate the Sangamon. When Abraham Lincoln stepped on shore at Beardstown and

bade good-by to the owner of the boat he was twenty dollars richer for what he had done. It was the first money of any considerable amount he received on his own account after he was twenty-one years of age.

Harper's Young People

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

INCOMPLETE

I.

ALMOST one hundred years have passed away since Thomas Lincoln built his log cabin on Nolin Creek, in Hardin County, Kentucky. He selected a pleasant spot for his future home—a rounded knoll near a spring of sparkling water. It was in the forest. Tall oaks rear-

or glass in the window, when he moved into it. The stone fireplace at one end was built, but the chimney of sticks plastered with mud was not wholly complete when the young wife, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, kindled the fire and baked the corn-cake for their first meal in the new home.

The newly married couple had very little furniture to begin housekeeping with. There was no crane in the fireplace for the hanging of a pot. The young wife had only a Dutch-oven, a frying-pan, and skillet for baking, frying, and boiling; they must wait awhile before they could have a kettle, and they must be content with stones to hold the wood in the fireplace till they could obtain fire-dogs. Mr. Lincoln was a carpenter, and had an axe, a saw, an auger, and jack-plane, and so could make a table, a stool, and bedstead. He plastered the crevices between the logs with mud, and at night and on windy days stretched a deer's skin across the window to keep out the cold. He hoped that the time would come when he would be able to put in a sash with panes of glass. He had not seen many joyful days, for when he was a little boy only six years old an Indian killed his father, and his mother was left with five young children to care for. There were no schools, nor was there any one to teach him his letters, and so he had grown to manhood without being able to read or write. Although he was a carpenter, he could not earn much money, for the settlers could build their own log cabins, and the time had not come for framed houses.

Although they had little money, the young couple had not much difficulty in obtaining food, for there were wild

It is impossible in continuing the historic work so well begun, to establish an absolute line of demarkation between the very "early physicians" and those who followed a little later, or to present them in either alphabetical or chronological order. The writer ventures to draw a purely arbitrary line at the year 1860 and to include, with "early physicians" those who were in active practice in the State previous to that date. It is also impossible to include within the limits of this paper the histories of a large number of those who have equal claims to a place in this connection, in the historic records. Doubtless in due time, their proper recognition will be secured.

In the preparation and grouping of these sketches, it has seemed that so far as possible they should be prepared by surviving friends and accordingly in answer to personal requests, a number of these have been thus secured and are here first presented for publication. In other cases recourse has been had to sketches already published from which transcript and abstract have been made. Among the writings so consulted and from which citations have been made, the writer is especially indebted to those contained in The Transactions of the Illinois State Medical Society, the publishing house of Munsell & Co. of Chicago, in their "Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois," "Distinguished American Physicians and Surgeons," Early Medical Chicago, by Dr. J. Nevins Hdy, and the Chicago Clinic and Pure Water Journal. So far as possible permission for such citations has been secured.

Such has been the prominence of many of the men here referred to, that justice to their memories demands for them far more ample notice than is here printed, and it is to be presumed that for such, special papers will yet be prepared, more fully expressive of their work and worth. Those solicited for this article, appear in the main as prepared by their authors, and the writer desires gratefully to acknowledge the assistance so kindly rendered.

Other chapters pertaining to the early physicians remain to be written and when such a history is in a measure complete, it will be more evident than now how largely the influence of the medical profession has been felt in giving moral tone to society, in the development of educational institutions, in the establishment of hospitals, in the promotion of sanitary science and in active service in securing legislation, having for its purpose the extermination of medical quackery, the promotion of the health of the community at large and the control of preventable diseases.

The following historical sketches are herewith submitted for the consideration of the Society and for such action as may be deemed appropriate:

DR. EDMUND MOORE.

Dr. Edmund Moore, a pioneer physician and surgeon of Morgan county, was born in Elphin, County Roscommon, Ireland, May 26, 1798, a son of Lewis and Ellen (Lockwood) Moore. The paternal ancestry of the family is Scotch-Irish. Dr. Moore's mother was a descendant of the historic Shannon family, and had two brothers who attained great distinction in British military and naval affairs. One of these,

a lieutenant under Nelson, commanded a ship at the battle of the Nile, and also fought at the battle of Copenhagen and at Trafalgar, where Nelson was killed. He died at the Soldiers' Home at Greenwich. Another brother, who became a general in the British army, was in the East India service for many years, and died while in the East, the husband of an East Indian princess.

When Edmund Moore was an infant in arms, his parents came to the United States, locating temporarily at Frankfort, Ky. Soon afterward they removed to Florida, then a Spanish colony, and subsequently to Louisiana, then under French dominion, remaining about five years in the two provinces. Returning to Bloomfield, Nelson county, Ky., the elder Moore took up a tract of land and spent the remainder of his life there. There Edmund Moore was also reared and educated. After reading medicine under the supervision of Dr. Bemis at Bardstown, Ky., and attending lectures at Louisville, he began practice under a state license at Rockport, Ind., remaining there until his removal to Morgan county, Ill., in 1827. Here he was examined and licensed by the State of Illinois. Upon arriving in Morgan county he purchased a tract of land located about one mile east of the farm now owned by George W. Moore, his son, erected a cabin, and occupied that place about six years, practicing his profession and improving his farm. In 1833 he located on Section 29 of the same township, where he spent the balance of his life, dying there May 29, 1877.

Dr. Moore was a splendid specimen of manhood, mentally and physically. He typified the "doctor of the old school," immortalized by Ian MacLaren, the Scotch novelist; for, during the half century of his residence in Morgan county, he was called upon to perform a vast amount of professional work for which he expected and received no remuneration. His practice necessitated very extensive rides throughout the surrounding country, and his trips to relieve suffering humanity were frequently attended by great personal risk, through exposure to the elements in a wild and sparsely settled country. Most of his early practice was accomplished on horseback, with the old-fashioned saddlebags. For many years there were no other physicians in his neighborhood, and it was not infrequently the case that he was called to ride as far south as Edwardsville. Many of his rides covered a distance of sixty miles or more from his home. He became an acknowledged expert in the diagnosis and treatment of the fevers and other diseases peculiar to the Illinois and Mississippi valleys. During the Black Hawk war he was surgeon of the Third Regiment of Illinois troops, which rendezvoused but was not called into active service. During the war of 1812 he had endeavored to enlist for the service under General Harrison in the Canadian campaign, but was not accepted on account of his delicate health.

Dr. Moore was well acquainted with Abraham Lincoln as a boy and man. While practicing his profession in Spencer county, Ind., he was frequently called upon to attend the Lincoln family, but lost sight of the future president after his own removal to Morgan county. After Lincoln's election to Congress, the two men met one day on the streets of Jacksonville, when the former, extending his hand to Dr.

Moore, asked him if he did not remember his former patient. The doctor finally recognized him and in later years reverted to the incident with feelings of great pleasure.

Though deeply interested in public matters, the only office which Dr. Moore ever consented to fill was that of township treasurer of school funds. A Whig in early life, he became a Republican upon the founding of that party, voted for John C. Fremont for the presidency, in religion, stanchly devoted to Presbyterianism, he served as an elder in the Pisgah Presbyterian church for about thirty years.

Dr. Moore was married November 30, 1823, to Mary O'Neal, who was born near Bardstown, Ky., May 18, 1796, a daughter of Bryant and Ann (Cotton) O'Neal. Her father was born in Ireland, accompanied his parents to Virginia, was reared in that colony, and afterward removed to Kentucky. He served in the Revolutionary war, and for his patriotism and service, received from Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, (which included the territory now embraced within the limits of Kentucky), title to a tract of valuable land near Bardstown, Ky. Bryant O'Neal fought under St. Clair when the latter was defeated by the Indians in the Ohio campaign, and also under General Wayne at the battle of Fallen Timbers, near Fort Wayne. His son Thomas, the only brother of Mary O'Neal, saw valiant service in the war of 1812. He fought throughout Harrison's campaign, helped to defeat the British forces at the battle of the Thames, where Proctor surrendered and Tecumseh was killed, and personally assisted in the capture of the noted British general. He held a commission as sergeant-major in a regiment of dragoons. It is worthy of note that Ann Cotton O'Neal was an eye-witness to a battle between the British and Continental forces during the revolution, which occurred in her father's wheat field in Fairfax county, Va.

A romantic incident of the revolutionary period is related by George W. Moore, and is here preserved for the first time in print. During an engagement between the British and Colonial troops near the home of the Cotton and the O'Neal families in Fairfax county, Va., a British soldier who had received a serious bullet wound in the abdomen, dragged himself to the Cotton home and asked for a drink of milk. This was furnished to him by Mrs. Cotton, who invited the sufferer into the house that he might receive the care and treatment necessary to his recovery. The milk that he drank passed from his digestive organs through the wound, soothing it and eventually curing him. He remained at the Cotton home, and ultimately transferred his allegiance to the patriot cause.

SEVEN MILES TO THE MILL

An Early Associate of Lincoln Tells
How Gentry People Sold Their Corn
in Those Days. 1895

Gentryville, Ind., became the first active point around which cluster the tales and traditions of Lincoln's early life, and from which are derived a large measure of the biographic observations by which the estimates of his early character are formed. Describing this interesting spot David Turnham, a schoolmate of Lincoln's, said:

"The town near which Lincoln's father lived in the year immediately prior to his setting out for himself was Gentryville. A description of the place is given in 'Lincoln's Life of Lincoln,' by David Turnham, a former schoolmate of Lincoln. He says:

"When my father came here in the spring of 1812, he settled in Spencer county, within one mile of Thomas Lincoln, then a widower. The chance for schooling was poor; but, such as it was, Abraham and myself attended the same schools.

"We first had to go seven miles to mill; and then it was a hand mill that would grind from ten to fifteen bushels of corn in a day. There was but little wheat grown at that time; and, when we did have wheat, we had to grind it on the mill described, and use it without bolting, as there were no bolts in the country. In the course of two or three years a man by the name of Huffman built a mill on Anderson river, about twelve miles distant. Abe and I had to do the milling on horseback, frequently going twice to get one grist. Then they began building horse mills of a little better quality than the hand mills.

"The country was rough, especially in the low lands, so thick with bush that a man could scarcely get through on foot. These places were called roughs. The country abounded in game, such as bears, deer, turkeys, and the smaller game.

"At that time there were a great many deer licks; and Abe and myself would go to those licks sometimes and watch of nights to kill deer, though Abe was not so fond of a gun as I was. There were ten or twelve of these licks in a small prairie on the creek, lying between Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Wood's (the man you call More). This gave it the name of Prairie Fork on Pigeon creek.

"The people in the first settling of this country were sociable, kind, and accommodating; but there was more drunkenness and stealing on a small scale, more immorality, less religion, less well placed confidence."

Lincoln Joited Seward. 1872

Uncle Billy Green of Illinois was Lincoln's partner in the grocery at Salem. At night, when customers were few, he held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons. At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet Green sat at the table on the president's left, with the dignified Secretary Seward on the right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying, "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green. He's the man that taught me my grammar."—
Kansas City Star.

The attached discussion is part of an article on Abraham Lincoln telling of his life in Indiana, written by David J. Day, for the Indiana historical commission for use in a publication by the commission.

[By David J. Day]

THE PEOPLE of Indiana should enter with especial enthusiasm into the celebration of the birthday of Lincoln since in his philosophy, his manners, his attitude toward the problems of life the tall rail splitter statesman was essentially a Hoosier. Born in Kentucky, ripened to the fullness of power in Illinois, he still bore unmistakably the impress of the fourteen years of his youth spent among the hills of southern Indiana.

What would Lincoln see should he be privileged to revisit the scenes of his Indiana boyhood? A little village called Lincoln City has grown up on the old Thomas Lincoln farm. The Southern railway, running from West Baden to Evansville, crosses the old place. At Lincoln City two branch lines of the Southern railway run away in a southerly direction, one to Rockport, the county seat of Spencer county, the other to Cannelton, the county seat of Perry county. All the virgin forest of his day is gone. The old hills have been allowed to wash until the "clay points" are in evidence everywhere. The people there, many of them descendants of his neighbors, are the same hospitable, good-natured folk their forefathers were.

Could Still Feel at Home.

Distant relatives, descendants of Thomas Lincoln's brothers, are still in that part of the state, among whom might be mentioned the Hon. Edmund Lincoln, until recently prosecuting attorney of Spencer and Perry counties. While things have vastly changed since the Lincolns moved to Illinois, ninety-three years ago, still there is enough of the old blood, the old manners, the old customs in Spencer county, to make Abraham Lincoln feel immensely at home!

What has Indiana done to memorialize the fact that it produced Abraham Lincoln, the most wonderful Hoosier of all time?

As a state, we can not boast of doing things in honor of Lincoln on the same magnificent scale as they have been doing in Kentucky and Illinois. For a long, long time, Indiana people did not seem to grasp the full meaning of Lincoln, the Hoosier. Even the people of Spencer county—that land overflowing with Lincoln legends and traditions—looked ap-

parently unshamed for generations upon the pitiful spectacle of the mother of the greatest of all Americans lying in a neglected, unmarked grave in an ordinary woods pasture!

Log Cabin Disappears.

For more than fifty years the log cabin home of Abraham Lincoln was allowed to house farm implements and all sorts of junk and at last disappeared, possibly to be sold in pieces as souvenirs!

Finally the people of Indiana awakened to the fact that one of America's sweetest shrines of patriotism was being at the same time desecrated and neglected. Since that awakening we have seen some things done in the way of suitably honoring the Lincoln of Indiana.

In 1879, P. E. Studebaker erected a marble slab at the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and citizens of Rockport inclosed it with an iron railing. Later a state park was provided with driveways, beautiful entrance, auditorium and a larger monument was placed at the grave. This park grew out of the efforts of an association and is now controlled by a park board appointed by the Governor of Indiana.

On the site of the Lincoln cabin and across the railway from the park is a small marker erected by public contributions, largely from school children. This is all Indiana has done to beautify and render famous this, the spot where Lincoln lived and prepared himself for a career of greatness.

The grave of Sarah Lincoln in Old Pigeon graveyard has been marked with a splendid monument. The opening of the Lincoln park, the placing of the stone on the site of the cabin and the unveiling of the Sarah Lincoln Grigsby monument were all occasions of great impressiveness and ceremony.

Indiana's Heritage.

We, of old Hoosier stock, who love Lincoln and the large things he lived for who are feeling more and more assured as time goes on that Indiana will awaken soon to the realization of the wonderful heritage that is peculiarly its own in the wonderful life that Lincoln lived. When that day comes we shall see on the old Lincoln farm erected a memorial which shall bear evidence ages hence that all Hoosiers loved and desired to honor the greatest Hoosier the world has known.

The Indiana Lincoln Memorial Association conceived in the big humanitarian mind of the late Dr. Frank B. Wynn, is an organization working faithfully toward an objective, eminently worthy and worthwhile. Dr. Wynn was the first president of the association and after his death the leadership was undertaken by another widely known and deeply loved Hoosier, Senator William A. Guthrie, of Indianapolis.

The directors of the Indiana Lincoln Memorial Association are William A. Guthrie, Kate Milner Rabb, Harry W. Glossbrenner, Laura Fletcher Hodges, Charles W. Moores and John W. Oliver,

of Indianapolis; Harlow Lindley, of Bloomington; Claude G. Bowers, of Ft. Wayne; Thomas J. de LeHunt, of Cannelton; L. N. Hines, of Terre Haute; Will A. Hough, of Greensfield; John C. Shirk, of Brookville, and Jesse Weik, of Greencastle. In the work of securing for memorial purposes the old Lincoln farm, the Indiana Real Estate Board, through its secretary, Joseph Schmid, of Indianapolis, is unselfishly co-operating.

On October 24, 1922, the members of the board of directors of the Indiana Lincoln Memorial Association journeyed by automobile to Lincoln City and were met at that place by a large gathering of men and women, many of whom were descendants of the friends and playmates of Abraham Lincoln.

An Impressive Assemblage.

The meeting was called to order in the Lincoln City schoolhouse which stands within fifty feet of the site of the Lincoln cabin. The meeting was presided over by Senator Guthrie and speeches were made dwelling upon the life of the martyred President and the pride all Hoosiers would feel in a memorial comparing favorably with the tributes of stone already erected by Illinois and Kentucky.

The sun was just setting over the western hills and the audience adjourned to the site of the old cabin outside and encircling the little marble marker, stood in silence as the sun went down. Few were the dry eyes in all that assemblage.

Lincoln, tall, ungainly, Hoosier backwoodsman, you went forth with all the brilliancy of mind, all the ruggedness of body, all the strength of character that Indiana has ever hoped to see in all her sons! For a long stretch of years the people who trained you for your mighty task have been seeing you through a glass darkly. We are now being enabled to see you and your greatness in a clear vision. The struggle of which your tall form was the central figure is fading into distance, the wounds are forgotten and peace has crept back into the hearts of men.

1923

X--The Move to Indiana

AFTER Nancy Hanks Lincoln and her children waved their last farewell to Thomas as he paddled down Knob Creek on his way to Indiana, they saw no more of him until weeks later, when he suddenly walked in. He brought back a fine story of adventure, thrilling to young Abraham, for he told them how as he made his way from the mouth of the Salt River into the Ohio his boat had overturned, and tool chest and whiskey barrels, together with all his produce, had gone to the bottom. He told them what he had done to rescue tools and whiskey, and how he had then made his way down the river to a point on the Indiana side, near a little settlement called Troy, where he had stored his goods with an enterprising settler called Posey. From there he had struck into the unbroken country and selected, about sixteen miles northwest of the river, the site of their future home.

I have no doubt that Tom Lincoln pointed glowingly the land he had chosen. He saw it with a pioneer's eyes, cleared, its fields under cultivation, a home, a shop, stock in comfortable barns—he saw it better than it is even today!

The preparations for the removal to the new home were quickly made. There was probably a sale of whatever possessions they had that it would be unwise to attempt to move. There would be a little of Tom's home-made furniture, a few head of stock, and the sale would be a species of farewell to the neighborhood, for which Nancy Hanks would provide a dinner assisted by all her near-by friends, Mrs. Caleb Hazel, the wife of Abraham's school teacher, Austin Gollaher's mother, and possibly a few women from near the old home at Hodgenville; such was the way of the pioneer farmer, as indeed it is the way of the farmer today when he "moves out."

I can scarcely believe that Nancy and Thomas Lincoln would have left the state without a farewell visit to Washington County, where both of them had spent so much time in their youth and where they had been married. Thomas's brother, Mordecai, still lived on his farm near Springfield. He had become a man of some importance in the county. There is a tradition that he had even been sent to the Kentucky Legislature, though there is no document to prove it; possibly he was a candidate but defeated. At all events he was held high by his relatives, his nephew Abraham claiming that he "had all the brains in the family." Then there were all of Nancy's people, the Berrys, Thompsons and Mitchells. Surely, they would not have left Kentucky without seeing them all.

Packing for Migration.

The visits and the sale over, then would come the packing. To know how to pack for migration was as much the business of a pioneer as to know how to build a log cabin or plant a field. The Lincolns had

lived too long on a highway over which a continual stream of migration was flowing not to have picked up much of the technique. No doubt their cavalcade was simple, a covered wagon, stout and roomy, horses, not less than three, a cow or two, a few hens "to start with," and, of course, a dog. It was simple, but not mean as those who, for partisan or

other reasons, would have us believe. Thomas Lincoln might be a poor man, but he had not been shiftless, and he was not without some means when he left Kentucky. He was a good carpenter, a trader, a farmer; that is, he had the knowledge and experience with which to make a start in a new land.

The parting, of course, was hard for the boy. It was his first experience in breaking off friendships, saying good-by for good and all to a playmate whom he had come to look upon in the way of children as a part of his life. Before he was eight years old, little Abraham Lincoln had his first painful lesson in the transient nature of human relations. It is one of the hard things that youth has to learn.

The route the Lincolns followed from Knob Creek to the Ohio is, I find, in dispute in the neighborhood. There are those like Mr. John Barry, the editor of the Rolling Fork Echo, who think they went by boat, as Thomas Lincoln had gone on his reconnaissance trip. Tradition is against him, however, and so is probability. It would have been more difficult and more uncertain than going overland by wagon.

The Route They Followed.

The point they wanted to reach on the Indiana side was the mouth of what is known as Anderson Creek, near Troy, where Tom had left his possessions when he first landed. In a straight line Troy is about seventy-five miles to the northwest of the Knob Creek home. To get there, they must follow roads and trails to the Kentucky side of the ferry which crossed the Ohio from Anderson's Creek. This northwest route would lead them through Hodgenville, and give them a chance to see their friends there, and then to Elizabethtown, where, of course, they would halt for visits. Here lived Joseph Hanks with his young family, a man dear to both Nancy and Thomas, always their friend and the friend of their boy. The travelers no doubt "put up" with him, and from his home said good-by to those they knew in Elizabethtown. Even young Abraham had his friends there, for he had often gone with his father on his business trips and sat on a nail keg in the grocery and eaten the lumps of sugar the clerk gave him. Years later this clerk, the Hon. J. B. Helm, grew to be a man of impor-

tance in Missouri, and both he and Mr. Lincoln meeting there in a political campaign recalled the visits and the sugar. Mr. Lincoln remembered something, else, that this friendly clerk was the first man he knew that more "store clothes" all the week!

Leaving Elizabethtown, the Lincolns went no doubt by their old farm on Mill Creek that Tom Lincoln had sold two years before, for near here lived his two sisters, both married with families. That is, the first period of their journey was made over roads that they knew and their stops were at the homes of relatives and friends; but after that they came into country new to them, and all the more exciting because new. It was a beautiful rolling country, with many streams to be forded, heavily timbered, sparsely settled. The fall was coming on, and the weather at this season in Kentucky is dry and warm, a perfect time for following the road. Every day would be full of exciting incidents for the children, the cap of them being the making of camp for the night. Whatever the day's troubles—difficult fords, straying animals, broken wheels—all is forgotten when the campfire blazes at the close of day and the bacon commences to sizzle.

It took the Lincolns no less than a week to reach the Ohio after leaving Elizabethtown. The river at this point makes a magnificent bend, the water moving as silently and smoothly as if it were ^{ce ui a lake} ~~st big water~~. What a wonder!

that he had ever seen must have been to the young traveler. The crossing over landed them at the foot of Anderson's Creek, a point which in the future was to play a big part in Abraham's life. Anderson's Creek flows down to the Ohio between high banks, and there is a long wide flat at its mouth which had been found by the river boats to be an excellent landing place. Here they often tied up for the night, and here the settlers of the young town of Troy nearby had already established a trade in pork and other produce. Here, too, they had a big wood yard where the river steamers took on fuel. It was a bustling place when the boats were in, and it was well for the Lincolns to make acquaintance with it for it was to become their future market place.

Although Thomas Lincoln remained no longer at Anderson's Creek than was necessary to make preparations for the trip through the forest to his new land, there are people living there nowadays who insist that he remained a year, and show you the house he lived in to prove it. Local historians who care more for facts than they do for any possible profit that the community or any individual in it may get from a Lincoln tradition are irate and emphatic in denying this tale. They scoff at one property owner who has advertised for sale in the last year or so the "Anderson Creek home of the Lincolns." This is one of those exploitations for which tourists in the Lincoln country must always be on guard. Many a motor car has stopped in the last two years before

and Lincoln
this advertised house, kodaks have snapped and plates have been marked, "The home of Thomas Lincoln on the Ohio River."

Arriving at the New Home.

We can be sure there was no delay in getting on. They had sixteen miles to travel, and the sooner they were at the end of the journey, the more comfortable would be their winter. I think one may rightfully envy them that journey, and will if he has a drop of gypsy blood in his veins, for it was made through a forest which in its autumnal colors was a thing of rarest beauty. The country through which they traveled was not a jungle, as it has often been described. Southwestern Indiana had long been the home of Indian tribes and there were cleared spaces left by

them. The forests had been kept largely clear of underbrush by occasional prairie fires; that is, it was a fairly open land; there were trails, too, and the beginning of roads. Thomas Lincoln was by no means the first settler in this part of Indiana. In the records at Rockport I found entries made within a few miles of where he settled as early as 1811; that is, when the travelers made their way northwest, they passed within reach of more than one settler that had preceded them, and no doubt took pains to call and to pick up whatever information they could about conditions.

The October glory was still on the trees when the little party reached the knoll on the land which Thomas had chosen for them. They could not have known then how really beautiful a site it was. Today, with the land cleared so that one can look over the great valley, see the line of Pigeon Creek, locate homes of neighbors with whom Abraham was to grow up, identify point after point connected with his life here, you get a very genuine respect for Thomas Lincoln's choice of a site in what was then an unbroken forest. Probably there was nothing to be seen about them but trees, trees of great size, many primeval timber: elms, chinquapin oaks, walnut, maple, birches, sassafras, trees which now were gold and red and yellow; when the sun sifted through them became things of pure color, almost without substance.

Along the stream there were cleared places covered with crimson sumac and masses of golden rod, wild rose, blackberry vines, an almost impenetrable tangle. Not far

away, too, there was what was called a "deer lick," a salty marsh to which wild animals came, a precious neighbor to the settler who must depend upon his gun for his supply of meat.

There was no time now, however, for exploring the country; a shelter must be ready for winter, and Thomas Lincoln and his son fell at once to cutting and clearing and preparing for what was known as a half-face camp. I am pretty sure that they were not unaided in this work, for settlers were already within reach of them, building like Tom Lincoln. Some of them were no doubt in need of a carpenter's skill. That is, from the first Tom had work at his trade, and much of this work would be done in exchange for help in clearing and building.

The Half-Face Camp for Winter.

Many mournful pictures have been drawn of this first shelter of the Lincolns in Indiana, but the half-face camp was like the sod house of the prairie, the shack of the mining town, and quite as good as either. The best description of its making which I have ever seen is the one given by one of Mr. Lincoln's friends on the Circuit, Mr. Henry C. Whitney. It is not improbable that his description was based on talks which he had with Mr. Lincoln, for the two men frequently discussed pioneer life and its makeshifts. According to Mr. Whitney, the first step in establishing a camp was to select a site on a southern slope where two straight trees stood about fourteen feet apart east and west. These trees were trimmed and topped to serve as corner posts for the open front of the structure. Logs were then cut about fourteen feet in length sufficient for three sides; they were fastened with wooden pins to the posts that had been prepared, and laid in log cabin fashion until the walls reached the proper height. A roof of small poles interwoven with branches and thatched with brush and dry grass was built above these three sides. The openings between logs were then filled with mud. The result was a warm and tight structure open to the south.

In front of this open face a fire-

place was built of stone; it was big and solid, for the whole comfort of the family through the winter depended on this fireplace. Quantities of fuel must be kept to keep it going, big back logs of hard wood, smaller stuff, branches and boughs for blazes, chips to kindle quickly. After cold weather set in this fire was not allowed to go out. It was not only warmth and a place for cooking that the fireplace gave, it was protection from wild animals. There were many of them; indeed, one of the two things that made an impression deep enough on Abraham Lincoln at this time for him to have remembered when years later he came to record his memories of this first year in Indiana was the number of wild animals!

His second strong impression was of the ax. "This most useful instrument," so he wrote in 1860, was put into his hands on their arriving in Indiana and, as he intimates, was rarely dropped until he was twenty-three!

It was hard work, no doubt, but the boy was young, strong and large for his age, according to his own account, and work done for so fine and

obvious a purpose as this work has its compensations. He was helping build a home, and took pride in his part of the undertaking. As a matter of fact, I think the boy Lincoln was just discovering that he might be something of importance, something useful. The boy's natural pride in being allowed to work with men was particularly strong in his case.

Getting Game for Food and Clothes.

It was not only building the camp that occupied him and his father. There was the stern necessity of seeing that there was food in the larder before the winter; also that there was a bit of clearing ready for corn

in the spring. The game that was on all sides, big and little, was joyfully followed by Tom Lincoln, always an eager hunter. Deer was killed and hung to dry. There were wild turkeys, duck, quail, and there was an occasional bear. The game meant something more than meat to the Lincolns. It meant skins, and skins meant not only clothes and covering for them, it meant something to trade with. There were few settlers of this time that did not make the trapping and killing of fur-bearing animals a part of their winter business. Young Abraham learned to skin and cure, and the walls of the half-face camp were probably decorated continuously with a variety of valuable furs.

The hardships of this first winter have been long dwelt on, but the compensations have been generally passed by. The woodman's life has its joys. The forest in its winter garb is always a beautiful thing. Every morning brings its enjoyments. The weather itself is a constant interest, shaping as it does the day's work. The devices for meeting the problems of food and shelter kept the wits awake and the fingers busy. The Lincolns' first winter was so filled with tasks necessary to keep themselves alive, that the spring would be upon them before they knew it.

Spring and Home-Building.

The spring in southwestern Indiana is a wonderful thing. It comes early, usually with great floods of water; with flocks of birds, big and little; with a riot of flowers followed by many small fruits. Life became a busy thing for the boy then. There was probably a calf or two to look after and there was planting, and in the intervals there was work on the new cabin, for which part at least of the logs had been cut in the winter. It was a big cabin for the time, eighteen feet square, with a loft and a huge chimney. It stood near the camp and on the top of the knoll. The location is marked today by a marble slab, and clear as the country is now, one can realize how finely it was placed.

To make this cabin habitable within and attractive without became Nancy Lincoln's business. The settler's wife invariably brought with her some root of a favorite flower, a bulb, a bit of vine to plant by her cabin door, something to remind her of the home she had left. Nancy Lincoln planted her vines and in the clearing nearby fruit trees were soon set out. There are straggling remnants of them still to be seen on the slope. Between house-building, clearing and planting, the boy would be busy enough. Then, too, they were beginning to make some connections in the neighborhood. Pigeon Creek Valley was filling up. A church had been organized, though there was no building yet and only irregular services held in private houses, and there was talk of a school, though not yet a school. I cannot believe but that this first year was one of real interest as well as hard work for the boy.

They were joined in the fall of 1817 by three relatives from Kentucky, Thomas and Betsy Sparrow, and with them a cousin of Nancy, Dennis Hanks by name, a boy about ten years older than Abraham. The

coming of these old acquaintances made life more interesting and gave more strong hands to push the development of the farm. In every way then the second winter was easier for the Lincolns than the first. The second summer undoubtedly gave them still further hope, for by this time Tom Lincoln had his hands full of carpentry work. Things would have gone from now on increasingly well, I am convinced, if in the fall of 1818, just about two years after they came into the country, there had not come to Thomas Lincoln that greatest of blows for the pioneer, the death of his wife.

Nancy Lincoln Stricken.

The country in which the Lincolns had settled was a rolling, wooded one, as I have said. The wide valleys, threaded as they were by big and little creeks, were usually deep in matted vegetation, the accumulation of hundreds of years. True, an occasional forest fire swept down the vegetation, but usually its heavy growth simply rotted during the winter. The frequent heavy rain-falls filled the streams to overflowing, soaking the accumulated leaf mold until it was a rank malarious mass. Through the fall heavy fogs frequently lay over the land, so that the poison that rose from the valleys was not taken care of by air and sun. This had its inevitable effect upon the settlers. Chills and fever, ague, was common. When the conditions were particularly bad an intensified form of malaria resulted, commonly known in southwestern Indiana as "milk-sick." There was an outbreak of this disease in the fall of 1818. It attacked more than one of Nancy Lincoln's neighbors, and she went from one house to another helping as she could to take care of the sufferers. Among them was one of her best friends, a Mrs. Brooner, whose children lived to tell of her kindness to their mother. Mrs. Brooner felt sure she was going to die, but Nancy Lincoln reproved her. "Tut, tut!" she said; "you will soon be well and strong again. Woman, keep up your courage." Homely, well-meant comfort, but unavailing. Mrs. Brooner died, but before her death Nancy Lincoln herself was stricken with the epidemic. Death followed quickly, so quickly that to the unprepared family it must have been like the hand of an angry God laid upon them.

Abraham Left Motherless.

This sudden death of his mother came to young Abraham Lincoln as an irreparable tragedy. A boy of nine or ten depends upon his mother in a very special and intimate way. It has never occurred to him that life can go on without her, and then to have her taken almost without warning from the home makes an unforgettable impression. It certainly did on Abraham Lincoln. I am inclined to think that the deep melancholy of his nature was then first stirred into life, that here he began to question, as we know he did later, the rightness and goodness of the world in which he found himself.

Death was a peculiarly intimate thing in a home like that of the Lincolns. The body lay in the cabin where you ate and slept. You must yourself make all the preparations for burial, even to building the coffin in which the dead body was to be laid away. In a hundred ways we protected ourselves from the presence of the dead today; but in those days every detail of the preparation for burial was under your eye. Nothing could be covered up, spared you. Thus to young Sarah and Abraham this death of their mother was a more intimate matter than death could be in a more highly developed home.

The burial of the dead in the pioneer community is always a matter of general concern. It is a community event, and it is a part of neighborliness to be present at funeral services and the grave; but here in a country where sickness was in every household, where every household was stricken, where there was no church or minister, all of the usual ceremony must be dispensed with. Tom Lincoln and his children must go practically alone to the burial of Nancy Hanks.

They laid her in a beautiful spot. Perhaps half a mile from their cabin was a knoll heavily wooded, uncleared, a spot where probably already a grave or two had been dug. It was October and the woods were in full color, red, yellow, brown. Let us hope it was a sunny day for the heart-broken little family had little or nothing of that which they felt was due to the dead to comfort them, no burial service, no sympathetic neighbors. They were alone and forlorn in a stricken land.

It was many months before the funeral services, which they felt, as all people of their traditions felt were necessary, were held. It was owing to Abraham's efforts that, months after her burial, a minister held Nancy Lincoln's funeral. But there is nothing surprising about this. It constantly happens in remote communities that funeral services are as long delayed as they were in the case of Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

Nancy's Grave.

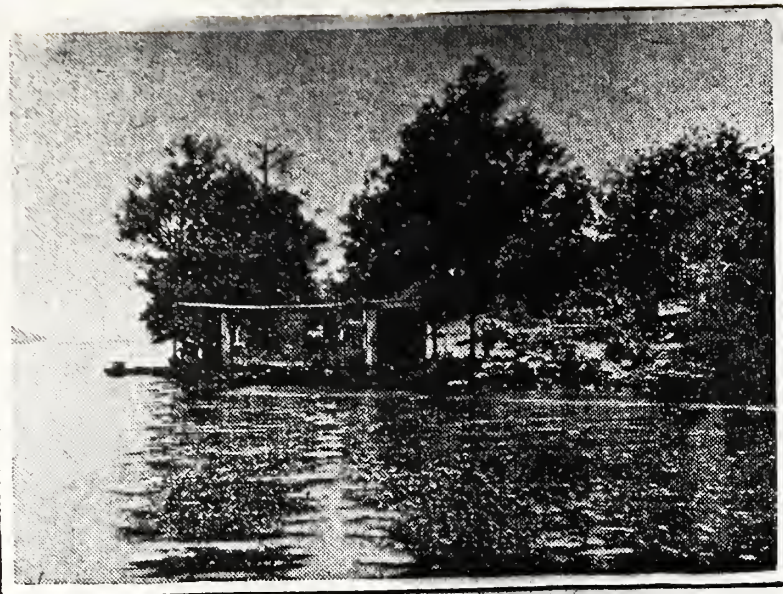
Tom Lincoln and his children would go often to visit her grave, but they were never able to do more to honor her than to put up what was common in the world at that time, what one sees everywhere still in the old graveyards, an uncut fragment of red sandstone, no lettering, no date, only this marker. And so the grave lay for sixty years, when, in 1879, a friend of her son put up a headstone and a fence about the grave and upon it wrote the inscription:

Nancy Hanks Lincoln,
Mother of President Lincoln,
Died October 5, A. D. 1818,
Aged 35 Years.
Erected by a friend of her
Martyred Son.

I know of no woman's grave in this or any other country which more deeply and rightfully touches the heart than that of this simple pioneer woman, the mother of our greatest American. How worthily

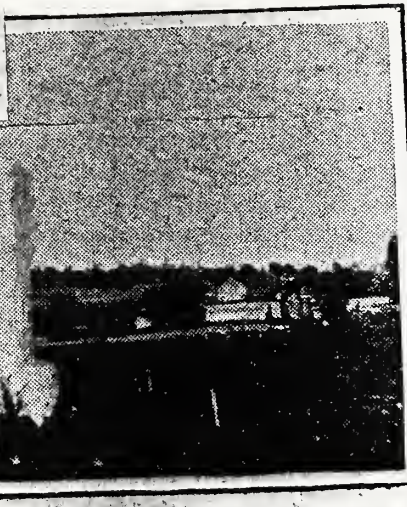
and beautifully is the place marked! The hilltop on which she lies with the group of little graves which gradually grew around hers has been turned into a park—not a pretentious park, but a rarely lovely one. Hundreds of beautiful trees cover the knoll. Between them one looks out upon the fertile, well-developed valleys, distant farms—the kind of thing which Thomas and Nancy Lincoln had in mind when they started overland into the new country. I think it must be a regret to most people that generous friends of Nancy Hanks have in recent days insisted on putting before her grave a pretentious marble monument, feeling that the modest gravestone first set up does not sufficiently honor her. They are wrong. It is much more beautiful, more suitable. The park itself, with its outlook over the wide sweeping country which she gave her life to help open to the future, is her true monument. I wish they would take the big stone away!

It was a sad household to which Tom Lincoln and his children returned after Nancy Hanks' burial, a disease-ridden household, too, for there quickly followed the death of both Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, leaving the home without a woman, only the child Sarah, now but eleven years old. Abraham Lincoln was having at nine his first experience with the deepest of sorrows and with all the perplexing problems that sorrow brings. It was not until a year later that life again took on something of the old order and peace, and that came from Tom Lincoln's bringing into the home a second mother. The story of the coming of that mother belongs to our next chapter.



The Ohio River (Indiana side), where the Lincolns crossed. Ferry boats of this type were used in that day. Photograph here first published.

Outlook from the knoll on which the Lincolns built their home in Spencer County, Indiana. A marble tablet marks the site.



Below—Model of Conestoga wagon used by the pioneers in moving their families westward.



XI--IN THE FOOTSTEPS of LINCOLN

IN the meager gallery of Lincoln portraiture there is no picture of stronger appeal than that of the woman who in December, 1819, Thomas Lincoln brought back to Indiana to be a second mother to his children. It is the face of a brave, patient, enduring woman. Her clear eyes—I think they must have been gray—are direct and unwavering with a look of pain in them, a woman who through a long life of labor and poverty had held to those things she believed to be good. Surely Thomas Lincoln must have been more of a man than he has usually been painted to have won and kept two women so worthy of respect as Nancy Hanks and Sarah Bush Johnston, his second wife.

It was a year after Nancy's death that Tom went back to Kentucky undoubtedly with the idea of proposing marriage to Mrs. Johnston, whose husband had been dead for many months. It has always seemed probable to me that he made a reconnoitering trip; that is, I see no reason why he should have gone prepared to bring her back.

Thomas Marries Sarah Bush.

Thomas Lincoln had known Sarah Bush as a girl in Elizabethtown; indeed, he is said to have courted her before he did Nancy Hanks, but as she was only eighteen years old when he and Nancy were married, it seems a bit doubtful. However, they were friends, and when he came back a widower and found her husbandless and with three children it was natural enough that he should seek her. That she did not hesitate to accept him those nearest to the pair all testify. Perhaps the best authority is a nephew of Tom's, Mr. J. L. Nall.

"Uncle Thomas," he says, "came back to Kentucky after the death of his first wife, Nancy Hanks, and proposed marriage to the widow Johnston. She told him that she would be perfectly willing to marry him as she had known him a long time, and felt that the marriage would be congenial and happy; but it would be impossible for her even to think of marrying and leaving the state as she was considerably in debt. Uncle Thomas told her that need make no difference, as he had plenty of money, and would take care of her financial affairs; and when he had ascertained the amount of her indebtedness and the names of the parties to whom the money was due, he went around and redeemed all her paper and presented it to her, and told her, when she showed so much honor about debts, he was more fully satisfied than ever that she would make him a good wife. She said as he had displayed so much generosity in her behalf she was willing to marry and go with him to Spencer County, Indiana."

I should like to think that Thomas when he had secured her promise went back to Indiana and told the children something of their new mother and then taking his wagon and horses went after her, her children, and her household furniture. Think of the days of eagerness and dread for Sarah and

Abraham. Probably the talkative Dennis Hanks did little to quiet their alarms. Dennis, now about nineteen, was at an age when his talk on marital affairs was probably anything but fit for the ears of a boy of ten.

A New Homecoming.

Any misgivings the children may have had about their new mother faded at the sight of her. Sarah Lincoln was a vigorous, blooming woman of thirty-one. All the traditions preserved of her, harmonize with the story her portrait taken in her old age tells. She was what is called a good housekeeper, a good neighbor, a kindly, resourceful woman. She came now bringing treasures, comforts such as the Indiana home of the Lincoln's had never known. She brought companions, too, for Sarah and Abraham, two girls and a boy about their own age. In a day the little family of four became eight. The cabin was filled to overflowing, but never had life been so comfortable and orderly as now.

To the boy Abraham the new mother's coming was of special importance. Abraham Lincoln had that need of women, natural to all strong masculine natures—need of their companionship, confidence, affection. Without it life for him at every stage would be incomplete. His mother had given completeness to his childhood. His hunger for her, must have been pitiful. The healthfulness of the period of adolescence which he was now entering was bound to depend upon the woman his father had brought home. I think he never had a doubt of her from the start. In his autobiography, written in 1860, he speaks of her as "a good and kind mother." As for Mrs. Lincoln, her tribute to her son made to Mr. Herndon after Lincoln's assassination shows something of the relation between them. "He was a good boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand, he never gave me a cross word or look. I never gave him a cross word in all my life; his mind and mine seemed to run together. I think he loved me truly. He was the best boy I ever saw."

It was real friendship between them, mutual understanding and mutual protection. He had the consideration for others that belongs to a big nature, and in a hundred ways no doubt from the start served his stepmother; she in return saw something of his growing ambitions and protected him in his efforts to learn.

Belated Recognition.

For the great service she undoubtedly rendered Abraham Lincoln in those difficult years when, as one wise educator has said, "every boy is a little mad," Sarah Lincoln has received scant public recognition. So far as I know it was not until the fall of 1922 that there was ever placed anywhere in her honor so much as a single tablet.

It is fitting that Elizabethtown, Kentucky, from which Thomas Lincoln took her has been the first to remember her. In the fall of last year the Woman's Club of the town conducted the ceremony at the placing in position in the court house of a bronze tablet to Sarah Lincoln, presented by a native of the town, Dr. W. A. Pusey of Chicago. In connection with this ceremony the club published a pamphlet giving some details of Mrs. Lincoln's life. This work is in line with other excellent local historical work which the women had already done; the most important of which has been the publication of the diary and notes of Samuel Hayercroft, for many years the county clerk—the man whose name appears on the license issued on December 2, 1819, permitting "any authorized minister of the gospel or authorized magistrate to join together in the honorable state of matrimony Mr. Thomas Lincoln and Miss Sarah Johnston."

It now remains for others to mark Sarah Johnston Lincoln's grave, today the one unremembered grave among those of the women known to have been dear to Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln as a Laborer.

Outwardly the boy's life from now on until he was man grown was that of a day laborer; he was a farm hand, a carpenter's assistant, a ferryman, a hired man. These were his jobs. What part did they play in his making? What was their educational content. Considerable, I have always believed. In the first place they clearly proved to him and to others that he was not meant for manual labor. If he had been "born" for the farm here was his chance; with his ambition and intelligence he might have gone far in farming in southwestern Indiana, giving the business the touch of genius in that locality which it seems always to have lacked. There were these of his friends who did take to the farm; it was their natural bent, but not his. Strong, good natured, eager to excel, whatever the task he would go to any exertion to outstrip those beside him. He seemed naturally to have conscience, about his work. Self-respect made it necessary for him to keep up his end. These qualities made him a valuable farm laborer, but the laborer never won; he seems never to have had an idea of making farming a permanent occupation.

It was the same with carpentry and cabinet-making. He was Tom Lincoln's assistant, and Tom Lincoln was good at his trade. How skilful a cabinet-maker he was I never realized until last fall I examined a piece of his work exhibited in the relic room of the fine court house in Rockport, county seat of Spencer County, Indiana, the town where the Lincoln's used to go to pay taxes and attend to court business. This cabinet is perfectly authenticated, but in addition to the testimony tacked on one of its front

panels I had as a guide a man who could tell me truthfully, "It stood in the very room where I was born. Many is the time that as a child I have gone to that cupboard for something to eat."

My guide was Mr. W. F. Adams of Rockport, a grandson of Josiah and Elizabeth Crawford, the neighbors who figure most largely in the Lincoln's lives in Indiana. Josiah Crawford was a wheelwright, making not only wagons, but big and little spinning wheels. Tom Lincoln did all the carpenter work for their comfortable frame house—window frames, doors, cupboards. Abraham had worked with him on this job and had frequently served Josiah Crawford as a hired man, indeed he had so completely the heart and respect of his employer—not an easy man to win if tradition is to be believed—that Mr. Adams declares, Lincoln's assassination literally killed him. "He began to go down from the day he heard of it." Now this cupboard, so well authenticated, is important as a proof of a considerable degree of craftsmanship on the part of Tom Lincoln. It is thoroughly well made and carries a rather elaborate cornice, but what interested me most was an inlaid decoration in white ash running down the door jambs on each side and the inlaid initials E. W. on the left-hand door

panel. The design is crude, to be sure, but it shows a sense of decoration and patriotism combined, for the curving streamer falls from a star and at each bend there arises a tiny flag. The inlaying is so well done that in spite of fully ninety years of scrubbing and scouring it remains intact.

No Taste for Cabinet-making.

What this amounts to is that if Abraham Lincoln had had any strong craft sense here was his chance. Furniture at that day was largely made on the premises. Indeed at this very moment back in the Shanandoah Valley, Tom's own cousin, Abraham Lincoln, son of his Uncle Jacob, was having made in the garret over the kitchen of his fine house huge pieces of mahogany furniture—a swelled front corner cabinet, a tall clock, an elaborate desk. The wood, so the tradition goes in the family, he had brought by ox teams from New York City. But cabinet-making was no more the boy's bent than farming.

It was clear before Abraham was sixteen that the chief interest he found in labor was the opportunity it gave him of meeting men. That was why he liked going to the mill; here were new people, fresh talk, news. He was greedy for men and what they could tell him; that was why the jobs he must take away from home after the summer's work was over interested him. An ideal one came in the fall and winter of 1826, when he was 17; this was running a ferry boat across the Ohio from the mouth of Anderson's Creek

where the Lincoln's had landed in 1816.

It was a busy place, this landing, for here a big business in shipping pork and corn and in supplying river steamers with fuel had grown up. Chief of the pioneer merchants was James Taylor, who managed the ferry and to him Lincoln hired himself out for the season; his pay six dollars a month and board—

board in his employer's family, where, luckily for Abraham, there was a boy about his own age—Green Taylor, later to be known as Captain Taylor. Twenty-five years ago I was in correspondence with the captain, whose recollections of Lincoln were definite and kindly. The thing which he said most impressed him was Lincoln's reading

often "far into the night." Captain Taylor did not report to me a story current in the neighborhood today of a quarrel with Lincoln over a girl. There had been a husking bee and Abraham drew a red ear. It gave him the right to kiss the girl he liked best, and more honest than discreet he kissed his friend Green Taylor's girl! The next day there was a fight and, so goes the story, "Lincoln hit Taylor with an ear of corn, making a scar Green carried as long as he lived!"

It was the ferry which gave him interest and excitement. The stream of travel was constant. Not since he left the Knob Creek home on the Nashville and Louisville Pike had he seen so many people of so many kinds. There were pioneers moving north and eager to know all he could tell them of the country ahead; politicians sounding him out on what people thought; anti-slavery agitators distributing pamphlets and arguments; traders of all kinds; an occasional scientist asking him questions about river life and habits; and every now and then an itinerant preacher or circuit rider concerned for his salvation—the motley life of the advance guard of civilization, a strange blend of adventure and hope, meanness and courage, selfishness and devotion. He liked it all, and daily soaked in its flavor and its meaning.

Lincoln Liked Life of River.

The travel down the river contributed no little to the variety of his life, for here at Anderson's Creek the steamers frequently tied up for the night and passengers and "hands" came ashore for talk or fun. William Owen, who with his friend, Robert Owen, came down the Ohio on one of these river boats in 1824 on their way to buy New Harmony from the Rappites, tells in his journal of one of these night talks at an Indiana landing. The passengers going ashore built a great fire and roasted beef for supper. Then, to end their frolic, burned down a tree! These were the kind of sights and contacts running a ferry boat brought to the observing and eager boy that winter.

The river itself played upon his awakening nature. We too easily overlook the part the natural world about us has in our development—what the seasons, the stars, the trees, the winds do to us. The Ohio here at Anderson's Creek makes a majestic bend, giving an impression of vastness to the river—the water steals rather than flows. There is so little perceptible movement, so little sound that at night it is mysterious and almost fearsome, but in the mornings the enemy under starshine and moonlight is marvelously beautiful. To watch the great stream as he lay at night on its bank must have stirred young Abraham often and deeply. And now and then a lighted steamboat went by—lights from stem to stern, music, song, perhaps something of revelry. What allurements there must have been to the watching boy in such a passing boat, coming from a world of which he knew nothing, going to a world of which he knew less. How it must have pulled at his head and heart and at all the young passions in him!

When spring opened Abraham went back to the farm with an idea. Why should they not raise enough produce to stock a flat boat

and he take it down the river to New Orleans in the fall—go where the steamers went, you see! The produce was raised largely by his efforts; the boat was built by him, but he did not get to New Orleans that year, nor do we know how he disposed of his stock; indeed, the only incident of this venture of which we do know is one he related to Secretary Seward once. It seems to have been the birth in him of the idea that he could earn money—the idea that he could earn money—money for himself. His boat had been finished and he was looking it over, wondering if it were fit for the voyage, when a couple of men came down to the bank and asked him to row them out to a steamer which they had hailed and which had stopped to take them aboard. He rowed them out and they threw down to him from the steamer's deck fifty cents apiece—a dollar! "I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money," Secretary Seward reports Mr. Lincoln as saying. "I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day!"

New Orleans at Last.

But if Abraham did not get to New Orleans that year he did the next, and in his autobiography, written in 1830, in the third person, he tells the story quaintly and humorously, if briefly:

"When he was nineteen, still residing in Indiana, he made his first trip upon a flatboat to New Orleans. He was a hired hand merely, and he and a son of the owner, without other assistance, made the trip. The nature of part of the 'cargo-load,' as it was called, made it necessary for them to linger and trade along the sugar coast; and one night they were attacked by seven negroes with intent to kill and rob them. They were hurt some in the melee, but succeeded in driving the negroes from the boat, and then cut cable, weighed anchor and left."

There's adventure for you! And what a fight it must have been! And to what good purpose Abraham's great fists and powerful arms must have worked!

A life of labor, hard but varied, marked by new scenes, fresh contacts, a constant call to ingenuity, fresh efforts. Lincoln himself was merry when he said of his life at this period that there was nothing in it to awaken ambition. It was his "inferiority complex" that spoke. This "complex" troubled him all his life, and had it not been for his ambition, his healthy common sense and the well of humor forever bubbling in him it would undoubtedly have been his ruin.

Lincoln learned much in this period of labor important in later life. His very speech took flavor from it. The horse, the dog, the ox, the chain fly, the plow, the hog, these companions of his youth became interpreters of his meaning, solvers of his problems in his great necessity, of making men understand and follow him.

An element in the great strength of his debate with Douglas is the understanding and feeling it shows for labor and the man that labored. He had learned in these days in Indiana the place labor plays in man's progress; how an advancing civilization is built on it. The trees must be cut and the fields cleared before food and shelter were possible. Roads must be opened and wagons built before barter of extra produce could begin. It was by the labor of their hands and brains that he, his father and their neighbors had opened southwestern Indiana to the uses of men. He saw labor as the foundation of all that might come after it, for he had labored himself, starting a community.

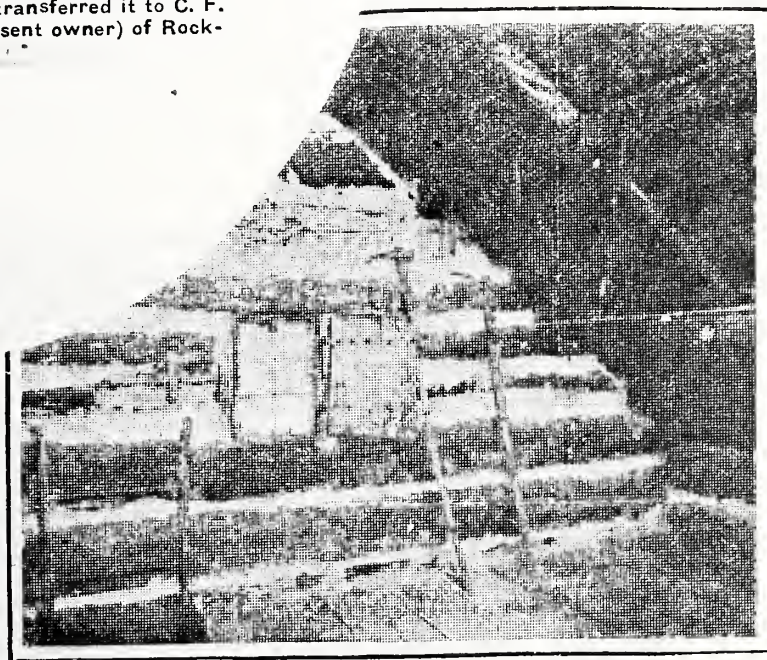
This feeling, respect, knowledge of the fundamental worthwhileness of labor permeates the great debates, and gives to them a quality which is found in no other of the many splendid arguments of the period against the extension of slavery.

If Lincoln underestimated the "educational content" of the many tasks to which his hands were turned in these years it is because they were only a necessity, a temporary duty, a makeshift for him. His mind was bent on another field. He was after that kind of education which made "great men." How did they become so? What were they like? Along with farming and carpentering, flatboating and bartering went from the first years in Indiana a search for knowledge, and that search we will take up in the next chapter.

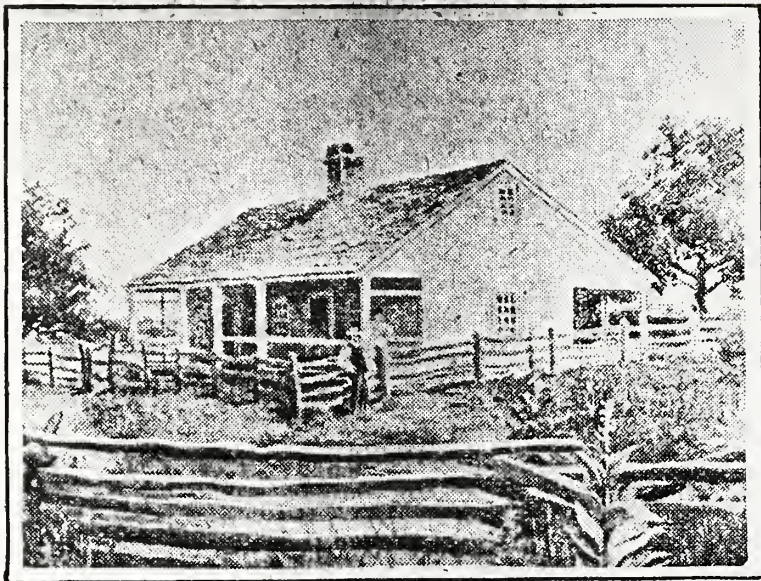


Cabinet made by Thomas Lincoln. This cabinet is in the Court House at Rockport, county seat of Spencer County, Indiana. The inscription marked on the door reads: "This cupboard was made for Elizabeth Crawford by Thomas Lincoln and son Abraham while they lived near Lincoln City, Spencer County, Indiana. Mrs. Ben Mead, granddaughter of Elizabeth Crawford, fell heir to it and later transferred it to C. F. Brown (the present owner) of Rockport, Indiana."

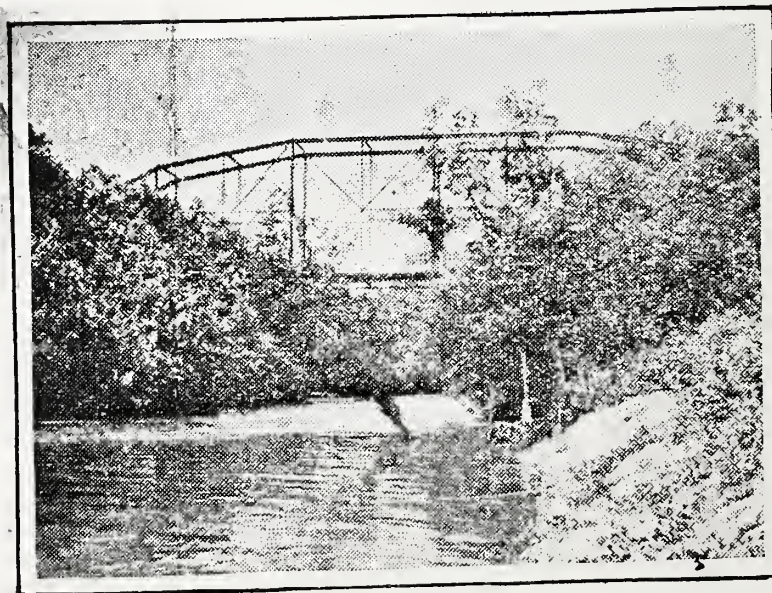
Below—The typical loft or bedroom of the log cabin. It was in such a room that the boy Lincoln slept.



Below—Crawford home near Gentryville, Indiana, where Abraham Lincoln worked as a boy. This type of house succeeded the log cabin and is still frequently seen in southwestern Indiana.



Below—Bridge over Anderson Creek, Indiana, near the mouth of which Lincoln ran a ferry boat in 1826.



HOOSIER PRAIRIE FOLK KNEW LINCOLN WELL

WINTERSSET, IOWA.
"MADISONIAN"

Intimate Relatives of Madison
County Pioneers With the
Greatest American.

— 3, 12 25 —
About the time of the close of the Civil war many people moved from Menard county, Ill., to Madison county, Iowa. Some of these resided in Winterset, and some were farmers in different parts of the county. At New Salem, Ill., Abraham Lincoln and Jack Armstrong worked together in a store. This fact is frequently mentioned in published biographies of Lincoln. Among those who settled in Madison county, Iowa, were Mrs. Hannah Armstrong, widow of Jack Armstrong and her son, Robert. There also came "Fidler" Jones and "Butcher" Jones, brothers of Mrs. Armstrong and settled on Hoosier Prairie. Other Jones came about the same time, Bob Jones, Bill T. Jones and "Lige" Jones. Also "Lige" Nichols, Nath Haden, and Jake Carman. All these Madison county pioneers were friends and acquaintances of Abraham Lincoln.

"Aunt Hannah" Armstrong knew many intimate details of Lincoln's early life. At one time he lived in her home. During a law suit trial in Des Moines before Judge McHenry she told how she "patched Abe Lincoln's pants."

"Fiddler" Jones and Abraham Lincoln carried a surveyor's line together until Lincoln was about 25. "Fiddler" once said: "I remember well Lincoln used to wear baskin breeches and in the mornings when the tall grass was wet with dew his breeches got pretty wet. When the breeches dried out, they struck about halfway between the ankle and knee. Lincoln had a new story every day."

The thrilling story of the trial of "Duff" Armstrong, son of Jack and "Aunt Hannah" Armstrong, for the crime of murder, was told in Winterset in 1883 by the defendant himself.

"The books don't tell it right," said Armstrong. "I was arrested and charged with the crime of killing a boy named Metzger at a camp meeting. A lot of young fellows had got into a quarrel and a fight out some distance from the place of the meeting. Somebody struck Metzger with a neckyoke. He wandered away and was found the next day in a dazed condition. In a few days he died. I was arrested. My father was sick at the time, and so my mother went on horseback to Mason City to Lincoln, where he was attending court. He told her he would take the case and would do all he possibly could for me. My father died on the day of the preliminary trial, and you may bet things looked blue for all of us about that time. I was bound over to court, and at the trial some witnesses swore that by the light of the moon they saw me strike Metzger with a neckyoke. It seemed that I was doomed. But when Lincoln came to argue the case he showed the jury an almanac and proved by it that the moon was not shining at that time. Of course that cleared me."

"My mother told Lincoln she did not know when she would be able to pay him, because father had lately died and left her in very poor circumstances. And what do you think Lincoln said to her? He said: 'Hannah, you paid me in advance more than twenty years ago, I would not accept a dollar for what I have done for you in this time of all your trouble.'"

"My mother afterwards tried to get Lincoln to accept a fee for his services, but he always refused. He would say, 'Hannah, you and Jack were kind to me and gave me a home, I am sorry for you because you have had so much trouble but I am glad I have had the opportunity to repay you in part for your kindness to me when I had no home of my own. You are welcome. Hannah; God bless you.'"

Such was the account given by William (Duff) Armstrong of his famous trial, which has been so many times written in history.

Hoosier prairie and other parts of Madison county is rich in the memory of the greatest American with whom its residents were personally acquainted. And these memories are being preserved from generation to generation.

LINCOLN IN INDIANA
William Fortune
Indiana History Bulletin Dec. '25

See Warren article for further

had the feeling that there has yet never been any estimate of the man produced that sufficiently traces out the influences of this home in the forest where he grew up. The usual historical sketch does not sufficiently illuminate the subject. It is usually treated rather perfunctorily. I am hoping that there will yet be written a history of the life of Lincoln that will show fairly and sufficiently the part that this region had in his making.

This part of Indiana, in the days when the Lincoln family came here, was one of the most important parts of the State. It was more of a political center than is realized by most of us, for here within ten or twelve miles of where Lincoln grew up as a boy lived a man who was at that time one of the leading political figures in Indiana. I refer to Ratliff Boon, one of the early governors of Indiana, who afterwards became the representative of Indiana in Congress, which was regarded in those days as an honor comparable in importance and influence to a Senatorship. It was a position that commanded much power; Ratliff Boon was a person to whom people came from over the State. It is significant that when the first contract was made for a mail route through Indiana, it was made to embrace the place of residence of Ratliff Boon. It was from New Harmony to Louisville via Boonville, and this part of the State was therefore traversed by many travelers; not a few of them were visitors to Ratliff Boon to seek his influence and help in their political aspirations.

Gentryville, I believe, is not much more than twelve miles from where Ratliff Boon lived. In Gentryville there was a store where the people of this neighborhood gathered to talk, to gossip perhaps, and to hold their discussions of public questions. Abraham Lincoln was an important figure in all that. The boy's great desire for knowledge and his limited opportunities were such that he took advantage of every chance to get information. They tell us, you know, that he used to sit on the roadside waiting for some traveler to come by, merely to get the opportunity to ask questions and to learn more about the world. The talk in a locality of this kind, with such an important political figure as the founder of Boonville so near, naturally had an important influence upon Lincoln. His education was only such as he could gather for himself from others and from a few books in the neighbor-

hood, only a half dozen, I believe. Not very far from here, at New Harmony, was one of the very best libraries in the Western country, but it was not available to Abraham Lincoln. There were only a few books that he could borrow.

Not only Ratliff Boon, but Joe Lane, even then a popular aspirant for political honors, lived only a few miles from here. In 1860 on one of the Democratic tickets in opposition to Lincoln were Breckenridge and Lane; the latter was the Joe Lane who had lived in this neighborhood in the days when Abraham Lincoln was here. There were still others that might be mentioned, who were figures of great interest in this locality. Yet in most of the lives of Abraham Lincoln you find no reference to the surroundings and the circumstances here that undoubtedly had a very great influence upon his life. I am hopeful that we shall yet have a proper treatment of that subject.

It was back in 1881 that I first became interested in what you now call the "Lincoln Inquiry", though at that time there was no thought of characterizing it in that way. General James C. Veatch of Rockport came down to Boonville where I lived, and proposed to me that I go with him to visit this region of Spencer County and talk with the survivors who had known Lincoln when he lived among them. We came here together and spent three or four days talking with such survivors as there were and getting their stories. General Veatch knew Lincoln personally and was his friend. He was the man chosen to represent Indiana in meeting Lincoln at the western border line of the state when he passed through Indiana on his way to Washington to become President of the United States. General Veatch told me that his greeting from Lincoln was most cordial and that Lincoln immediately began asking questions about people in Spencer County whom he had known when he lived there. It seemed that he remembered them all and he sent many messages.

I am mentioning General Veatch for another reason. He was a grand man, an outstanding figure in his locality, an outstanding man in his state. He rendered great service in the Civil War, and he is one of the men, who, if I might suggest it to you, I think your Historical Society should find some way to properly honor. I think it will be found, if it is thoroughly investigated, that General Veatch left some important

data relating to Lincoln's life in this region. I remember his telling me at that time that he had written some things himself. I have appealed to Mrs. Rabb, who is here today, a native of this county, and a great honor to it, and who is doing a great work in stimulating interest in historical matters in Indiana. I have appealed to her to endeavor to get a worthy story of the life of General Veatch, as one of the things that ought to be preserved, and I think that she has taken some steps in that direction.

I wonder if there is sufficient appreciation of the importance of Lincoln to this locality. It seems to me that there is an opportunity to do a thing here which will not only be fine for your locality, but stand out before the whole world. Over at Hodgenville, Kentucky, there has been erected a memorial that has given great distinction to that locality, and has probably brought more visitors to the State of Kentucky than anything else. I refer to that wonderful memorial building that stands over the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. The nation voluntarily contributed that structure to mark the place of his birth; but the place of his birth is not more worthy of honored recognition than the place where he grew up and where there came into his life those impressions and influences and thoughts that helped to make him great.

This hill over here in which the Lincoln home stood is properly the site for a great memorial structure of some kind. What could be done by the people of this part of the state that would bring to them greater distinction and greater honor, and if you want to think of it in that way, greater financial returns, than the development of this site into one of the outstanding historic spots of this country? There ought to be something there worthy of the life of Abraham Lincoln, and if there were no better way of getting it, it ought to be and would be worth every penny that could possibly be raised by taxation among your own people to put it there, not merely as a glorification of that which is most distinctive in your history, but as a means of bringing the world to Spencer County. I know of no greater opportunity than you have right here.

These undertakings have to start in some way. Usually they begin with a mere expression of an idea. One of the most interesting things in life is to see an idea grow into a

great concrete achievement. If in Spencer County you should start a movement for a great memorial located where Lincoln's home stood, would it not obtain the co-operation of the rest of Indiana, which would like to have its share in a proper memorial to Abraham Lincoln? It is something to think about.

HISTORICAL WORK IN INDIANA

CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN

Lincoln City, October 14, 1924

I assumed office as Director of the Indiana Historical Commission on the first of this month. This is my inauguration, and to me a most auspicious inauguration. There is a coincidence of which Mr. de la Hunt was not aware when he invited me so kindly to attend. I come from another scene of Lincoln traditions—Springfield, Illinois. I remember in my boyhood, reminiscences of Lincoln and stories of those associated with him, and I think I got my leaning toward historical work from those traditions clustered around Springfield. My mother's father, Stephen T. Logan, was one of Lincoln's law partners. It is therefore a most happy occasion for me to combine one of my first official duties with a pilgrimage which I have long anticipated, and to visit for the first time this mecca of all Lincoln admirers.

We are now in the beginning, I think, of a great historical revival. Never before were so many histories and biographies written, and never before did they find such a wide circle of readers. The American Historical Society, in spite of increased dues, has had a rapidly mounting membership running now above five thousand. The Indiana Historical Society within the last five years has jumped from less than one hundred to over a thousand members. Nearly every county in the state now has its historical society, or belongs to a group of counties combined in a historical society. Many of these societies are doing active work. Some of them have permanent museums; some of them are doing work which has attracted attention far beyond the limits of the state.

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Extra No. Dec. 1925

LINCOLN'S ENVIRONMENT IN INDIANA

ROSCOE KIPER

Newburgh, May 27, 1925

It is difficult to measure just how much of inherited quality and how much of environment enter into the make-up of a personality, but it is evident that environment has much to do in opening the door of opportunity for inherited characteristics to manifest themselves in the life of an individual.

Circumstances of environment are the vehicles by which the born and bred characteristics may be transported from obscurity to the light of day. Thus, while environment may not be everything in shaping character, it is a very important factor in enabling us to interpret character.

A view of the character and personality of Lincoln associated with finance, captains of industry, theologians, or scientists, would take away everything that has contributed to our conception of the man, his life and destiny. Therefore, Lincoln is Lincoln, and no one else, because of his personal qualities, both inherited and acquired through environmental influences. Of course, we are unable to say just how much of Lincoln's greatness can be attributed to his associations while living in Indiana, and if measured by the meagre emphasis placed upon the period of his sojourn upon Hoosier soil by all the historians and his biographers, it did not amount to very much. It is pertinent to ask if there were any personal traits of character, peculiarities of disposition, or manifestations of qualities of power and influences shown by him in future years, which had their counterpart in, or could have been the result of, his environment and associations while living in Indiana. Lincoln was probably seven years of age when he came to Indiana with his parents, and he remained on Hoosier soil until he was twenty-one years of age. From reliable information we gather the fact that during this time he was out of the state on only one occasion—when he made a trip to New Orleans—and with this exception fourteen years of his life were spent among the hills, streams and valleys of Indiana, and in social life and environment that

has Lincoln, the man, to speak for its power and influence in character building.

It would be contrary to human experience and all established laws of individual development to say that all the elements in Lincoln's character were acquired and his personal traits were entirely developed after leaving Indiana for Illinois. When Lincoln moved from Indiana it is no doubt true that he had much to learn as to the practical application of the knowledge he had acquired, but an observation of his environment, his opportunities of coming in contact with and observing some of the strongest minds of the state who lived in his day, his insatiable desire to appropriate to himself everything of value and consequence that came his way, together with his frequent manifestation of certain qualities of mind and character in after life, drives us to the irresistible conclusion that many of his outstanding characteristics, his uncommon power of observation, his penetrating mind, his ability to properly appraise individual character, his appreciation of the problems of those who must struggle and toil, his tenacious adherence to that which he believed to be right, his open mind and freedom of thought, his ruggedness of mind and tenderness of soul, were laid deep in his nature during the nascent period of his life when living in Indiana.

Lincoln had a rugged physical frame built on great proportions; his sinews of iron and powers of endurance, which came to him through the struggles incident to pioneer life in Indiana, built for him a strong body which became a fit dwelling place for his fruitful mind and great soul—a physical structure that in after years could not be broken by fatigue nor shaken by storms that raged like Furies. Incessant physical toil, simple but nourishing food, a life lived close to mother earth, and a being surcharged with forces coming from a free and open existence, all in the forests of Indiana, gave Lincoln a power of endurance that attracted the attention of all who knew him.

Among the great things that were said about Lincoln was this, that "he carried his homely virtues throughout his life to his death." There is a world of meaning in the words "homely virtues." One who possesses homely virtues is incapable of cant and hypocrisy. Lincoln had acquired the ability to appraise men and things at their real value. His sense of moral proportion was developed to a high degree and this

characteristic was manifested in many of his boyhood circumstances. He felt it right and proper to pay for damages to a borrowed book when the damages were caused by his own thoughtlessness. And in after years he maintained that the laborer was worthy of his hire and involuntary servitude was the greatest iniquity of man.

The simple folk who were Lincoln's neighbors in Indiana and in whose social atmosphere he lived and grew were men and women possessed of homely virtues. Call the roll of the men and women who were associates of Lincoln and we find that they were law-abiding people. The records do not show a single instance where they violated the laws of the land. Their ancestors were clean and pure. Their helping hands went forth to neighbors in distress, their ideals of justice and fair dealing were high and character, rather than wealth, was the medium of exchange. Their wants were few but temperate and wholesome. Theirs were lives of toil, of hardship, of poverty, but it was the independent poverty of the western wilderness and it made men of those who fought their way out of it.

Lincoln was religious. Pigeon Church, located a short distance from his home, was the religious and social center of the community. Here came the pioneer preachers of his day. They were men whose moral and religious ideas could not be subsidized. Men, devoted and sincere, whose utterances came from souls on fire with a holy zeal. They stood on the outposts of the wilderness implanting in eager minds and souls the high ideals of a pure and righteous life. Under this influence religion became to Lincoln the way of life, a materialized influence for good, a life of loving deeds, an influence that followed him to his grave.

Lincoln believed in the sanctity of womanhood. This high respect for womankind was characteristic of the pioneer. Although her life was a hard and uneventful one, as the queen of the household and mother of the race, the pioneer father and husband threw about her the magic circle of reverence and high respect, and woe be to the charlatan who violated this sanctity of womanly virtue. The affection and tenderness of Lincoln for womankind which he manifested in after years were implanted in his being in his boyhood days when mother love was the only ray of light that cheered his humble existence. Many and varied were the influences of his Indiana home that were planted and grew in his great soul.

The Youth of Lincoln

For both work and play, Lincoln had one great advantage. He early reached the unusual height of six feet four inches, and his long arms gave him a degree of power as an axman that few were able to rival.

That he could outrun, outlift, outwrestle his boyish companions, that he could chop faster, split more rails in a day, carry a heavier log, or excell the neighborhood champion in any feat of frontier athletics, was doubtless a matter of pride with him; but stronger than all else was his eager craving for knowledge.

He felt instinctively that the power of using the mind rather than the muscles was the key to success. He wished not only to wrestle with the best of them, but to be able to talk like a preacher, spell and cipher like the schoolmaster, argue like a lawyer, and write like an editor.—Selected.

INCOMPLETE

THE BANNER

February, 1927

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN.

As Described by Dennis Hanks, Lincoln's Cousin, Who Taught Young Abe to Read and Write.

NOTE: This remarkable account of the boyhood of Lincoln was obtained by Duncan T. McIntyre, an attorney of Mattoon, Ill., as an interview with Dennis F. Hanks in May, 1892. Dennis Hanks was then ninety-three years of age. The story is taken from the files of the Shelby County (Ill.) Leader, published by T. B. Shoaff and Sons.—T. B. Shoaff being the grandson of Dennis Hanks.

Few know that the boyhood partner of Lincoln still lives, at the age of eighty-six years, in an Illinois town. This man is kin to the great liberator, was his backwoods teacher and guide, and knows more of "Honest Abe" than any man alive or dead. His reminiscences of the boy Lincoln never having been published to my knowledge, will be worth much to the future generations.

I found him hale and erect, ready to recount for the benefit of the younger generation, the incidents which marked the youth of the martyred President. His name is Dennis F. Hanks, and he is a cousin to Lincoln. Uncle Dennis, as he is called, is a typical Kentuckian, born in Hardin County, 1799. His face is sun-bronzed and plowed with furrows of time; a resolute mouth with firm grip of the jaw; broad forehead above a pair of unwearable eyes. The eyes seem out of place, in the weary, faded face; they glow and flash like two diamond sparks, set in ridges of dull gold. The face is a serious one, but the play of the light in the eyes, unquenchable by time, betrays the nature full of sunshine and elate life. A sidewise glance at the profile shows a face strikingly Lincoln-like, prominent cheek bones.

she was one, a true Christian of the Baptist church; but she died soon after we arrived, and left him without a teacher; his father couldn't read a word.

"Is it possible he had no schooling?" "Only about one-quarter; scarcely that. I then set in to help him; I didn't know much, but I did the best I could."

"What books did he read first?" "Webster's speller. When I got him through that, I only had a copy of Indiana statutes. Then he got hold of a book; I can't rikolect the name; maybe you kin if I tell you somethin' et was in it. It told a yarn about a feller, a nigger or suthin' that salled a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drewed the nails out of his boat, and he got a duckin', or drowned, or suthin' I forgot now."

"That is the story of Sinbad, in the 'Arabian Nights'."

"That's it; that's the book. Abe would lay on the floor with a chair under his head and laugh over them Rabian Nights by the hour. I told him it was likely lies from end to end, but he learned to read right well in it."

"Had he any other books?"

"Well, he was at this time not grown, only six feet two inches high. He was six feet four and a half inches when grown—tall, lathy and gangling—not much appearance, not handsome, not ugly, but peculiar. This kind of a feller: If a man rode up horseback, Abe would be the first one out, up on the fence asking questions, 'till his father would give him a knock side o' the head; then he'd go and throw at snowbirds or suthin', but ponderin' all the while.

"Was he active and strong?"

"He was that. I was ten years older, but I couldn't rasle him down. His legs was too long for me to throw him. He would fling one foot upon my shoulder and make me swing corners swift, and his arms so long and strong! My! how he could chop! His ax would flash and bite into a sugar tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fallin' trees in a clearin' you would say there was three men at work by the way trees fell. But he never was sassy or quarrelsome. I've seen him walk into a crowd of jawin' rowdies, and tell some drole yarn, and bust them all up. It was the same when he was a lawyer; all eyes, whenever he riz were on

a mean act. I could see he didn't know how, an' he never learned."

"Did you have any idea of his future greatness?"

"No; it was a new country, and he was a raw boy; rather bright an' likely lad, but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were slow-goin' folks, but he had it in him, though we never suspected it."

"Did he take to books eagerly?"

"No, we had to hire him at first. But when he got a taste, it was the old story—we had to pull the sow's ears to git her to the trough, and pull her tail to git her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory, wonderful. Never forgot anything."

"What church did Abe attend?"

"The Baptist. I'll tell you a circumstance about him. He would come home from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor and repeat the sermint from text to doxology. I've heard him do it often."

"Was he a religious man?"

"Well, he wasn't in early life a religious man. He was a moral man, strictly—never went to frolics, never drunk liquor, never used tobacco, never swore. But in after life he became more religious, but the Bible puzzled him, especially the miracles. He often asked me in the timber or sittin' around the fireplace nights, to explain scripture. He never joined any church or secret order."

"How did the lad fare for food and clothing?"

"Plenty, such as it was—corn dodger, bacon, and game, some fish, and wild fruits. I've often seen him take a dodger to the field and gnaw at it when plowing. We had very little wheat flour. The nearest mill was eighteen miles; a boss mill it was,

LINCOLN

By Charles H. J. Bliss, Los Angeles, Cal.

A child of nature from the very first,
Born in a wild and rugged mountain land,
Rear'd by a godly mother's careful hand
And in the lap of goodness gently nursed,
His brow by wholesome forest breezes fann'd,
All these gave him in wisdom to be versed,
Made him a master fitted to command,

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to this that flag has flown over Vincennes. When their territorial commander and his regulars had surrendered, the British held on to Detroit, whence they planned further Indian outrages, until the end of the war. Then, the treaty commissioners at Paris established the Great Lakes, not the Ohio, as the boundary line of the new republic.

In the years that have passed, when all our great heroes, except Clark, have been proudly sung and honored, the great hero of the Northwest has suffered unusual neglect from a nation that is not usually neglectful.

But that is about to be changed. The history of the West is at last receiving some attention. The Indiana schoolboy today knows that there was a phase of the Revolution west of the Appalachian Mountains; that during the War for Independence there actually was a campaign against the British on soil now within their own state; that the Revolution was not far away, but was a vital part of their own country; that one of its leaders, one of its greatest heroes, the hero of the old Northwest, George Rogers Clark, actually accomplished deeds that are far more thrilling than the best of fiction.

With this knowledge has come realization that a debt remains unpaid this long century and a half, during which the lands George Rogers Clark conquered have become the teeming, vital center of the great nation that is ours today. At Vincennes, the scene of his crowning victory, the spot where Britain surrendered domination of the old Northwest to the United States, there is about to be erected a memorial to this man, his pioneer soldiers, and their great deed. It will not be a passing memorial, nor will it be a meaningless one. On the banks of the Wabash there will be a structure that will reveal the sturdy story of the Revolution in the West; that will forever inspire Americans to noble and patriotic achievement.

A short report of the work of the George Rogers Clark Memorial Commission was made by its secretary, William H. Book. Short, extemporaneous remarks by Henry A. Williams, of Columbus, Ohio, Historian General of the Sons of the American Revolution, and by others brought the meeting to a close.

GENERAL SESSION

BENJAMIN HARRISON'S FIRST YEARS IN INDIANAPOLIS

By A. T. Volwiler, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio

[This paper is to be embodied in Professor Volwiler's works upon President Benjamin Harrison, to be published in the course of the next few years, and is therefore withheld from publication in these *Proceedings*.—Editor.]

LINCOLN'S INDIANA NEIGHBORS

By Bess V. [Mrs. Calder] Ehrmann

Many writers have written books about Abraham Lincoln, his ancestry, childhood, manhood, and political career, but little thought has been given to the environment of his youth or to those neighbors and boyhood friends of his in Indiana and the influence they undoubtedly had on his life and character.

Almost eight years ago John E. Iglehart, of Evansville, founded the Southwestern Indiana Historical Society and started the "Lincoln Inquiry" which aroused the state to the realization that neither the site of the Lincoln home nor the grave of Lincoln's mother had been properly marked. Also there was the fact of over two thousand histories written about Lincoln, but none on the fourteen years of his life spent in Indiana. Historians had passed over that period as if it counted for little in the making of the man, yet they were the formative years from seven to twenty-one.

Several years ago I wrote a paper on the "Lincoln Inquiry" in which I mentioned a list of pioneer families whose descendants are still living in Spencer County, and made the statement that Lincoln could have known and been influenced by

any of these early settlers—all of them upright, honorable men, some of them highly educated and of aristocratic lineage, many of them holding public office. It is of those pioneer neighbors that I wish to write to portray the type of the early settler in southwestern Indiana where Lincoln lived from the age of seven to twenty-one. I hope to prove that the environment of Lincoln was such as to inspire him and cause him to yearn for better things in life, and to give him opportunities of social and intellectual life generally among a good class of people.

Historians have given southern Indiana a black eye, claiming that there was great illiteracy and unusually low standards of life, and that few desirable people lived in Spencer County at that early date. This has resulted from an absence of historical data available to persons out of the state and to historians generally and the fact that no history of the people and institutions of southwestern Indiana has been attempted outside of local histories until the Southwestern Indiana Historical Society was organized among the descendants of pioneers themselves and carried on under Mr. Iglehart's direction and untiring efforts. In the short time we have been working, a field so rich in Lincoln data relating to the character of these people in Lincoln's time has been developed by us that investigators like Miss Ida Tarbell freely recognize a revolution which supersedes the view taken by many historians, some of them recent, who still insist on the Kentucky and Illinois view of Lincoln's history.

To live in a community one's entire life and to have heard of the early people from those who have lived there before you causes you to know such a community and its many families well. You know their social and economic status and those of their ancestors far better than an outsider. We who have spent most of our lives in Spencer County and know those early families, claim that those pioneer men and women were in many cases the most highly educated (for that time) and aristocratic people ever living in southern Indiana. To stamp out the blot of this supposed illiteracy of southern Indiana's early settlers and to describe fairly the better class of people whom the early travelers seldom saw and did not know is the desire of many people living in Indiana. People who have lived here, and their ancestors before them, for several generations know such statements to be false. In a

late and splendid history of the *Literature of the Middle Western Frontier* previous to 1840 by Dr. Ralph Leslie Rusk of the history department of Columbia University, which applies the Turner doctrine of the frontier in American history in its political and social phases to the creation of new literature west of the mountains, a book that will be used for several generations as a reference book, this assertion, and for the reasons I have stated, is again made. How impossible it is to always judge people's ancestry, breeding and mental qualities by mere physical appearance or manner of dress! It is small wonder that people from a distance coming to a small country town and seeing its inhabitants for a few hours more or less are unable to speak correctly of the people.

Abraham Lincoln's boyhood and young manhood was spent in what is now the little village of Lincoln City, a part of Spencer County, where the land is not the best for agricultural wealth. This being true during the days of Lincoln's living there, as well as now, the people were plain, hard-working men and women, but some of them had the best blood of our country in their veins.

I remember reading one of Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys* to Lincoln City to visit the grave of Lincoln's mother. He spoke of the drab, washed out and hopeless looking people who came to the train to meet them and of his thinking that Lincoln could have found no inspiration either from the country or people when he lived there. Sometimes one fails to judge correctly. I know just such looking people in our county today who, if known well, with their background of ancestry and tradition compare favorably with people of a higher education and culture. The lifelong struggle with the soil often takes all the pride, vanity, and affectation from people's character, leaving them plain and simple in manner, looks, and speech.

I have in mind one Spencer County man, a wealthy farmer of today, who to a stranger might seem crude, almost illiterate, on a mere acquaintance, and yet the bluest of blood flows in this man's veins. He is well educated, his family tree goes back to royalty, and his grandfather and father were among Spencer County's early men, educated and cultured, the grandfather a man whom Lincoln undoubtedly knew when he lived here. This is just one illustration of how one can only judge men by having lived long enough among them.

The Lincolns did not come to a county of illiterates when they came to Spencer County, but settled within a few miles of some of the most brilliant minds that Indiana ever produced. No doubt there were at that time among many of the backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies, men who could not read and write well, some not at all, as Roosevelt describes them in his *Winning of the West*, but Roosevelt fairly, impartially, and sympathetically described this class of people as a different class from those referred to by some travelers and a few well-known novelists, who from ignorance, bias, or some special reason have pictured the lowest class of low life (found everywhere), leaving the impression that these were all of the people here to be found.

Being the third generation of my family on my grandfather's side and the fourth on my grandmother's to live in Spencer County, I have known these old families here most intimately. Some of my grandfather's and grandmother's friends of that early day I knew also, as a goodly number of them lived to a ripe old age.

Among this number was Mrs. Margaret Wright, granddaughter of Daniel Grass, the first white settler in Spencer County. Mrs. Wright talked to me many times of those early days and early people, as did my grandmother and mother, and you had only to know Mrs. Wright and talk to her to realize that Daniel Grass and his people were persons of culture and refinement. Indians had killed the parents of Daniel Grass and he was reared by the family of Colonel Andrew Hynes, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. William P. Duvall married a daughter of Colonel Andrew Hynes. These men were not only friends of Daniel Grass but they financed his land operations in the Indiana Territory around Rockport, in Spencer County. Daniel Grass was such a prominent man in Spencer County, being Lay Judge in the early courts, elected by the people of the county, and county agent in 1818, and for some years later, that the Lincolns undoubtedly knew him. Judge Grass was also in the Constitutional Convention of 1816, and then in the legislature and was known far and wide. On his way to attend the legislature at Corydon, he would pass through the little village of Jonesboro, afterwards known as Gentryville although one-half mile from the present site of Gentryville. Travelers often spent the night with the Gentrys and the Joneses. Lincoln had the opportunity to see and know

such persons as they traveled back and forth. Judge Kiper, of Boonville, in a short history of Lincoln expresses the opinion that Daniel Grass no doubt had a great influence on the young Lincoln.

Then there was General Joseph Lane who lived but a few miles from the home of the Lincolns. He served in the state legislature as a representative or senator from 1822 to 1846, and in order to reach the state capital at Corydon, he traveled the road which passed the Jones' store where Lincoln worked.

Ratliff Boon lived near the Lincolns and was an unusual man in many ways, intelligent and with a wonderful personality, eight times elected to Congress and twice elected lieutenant-governor.

John Morgan, who was the first clerk of Spencer County, from 1818 to 1825, was an educated man who came from Pennsylvania about 1816. He was well educated, although a self-made man, and his county records have seldom been equalled for neatness and accuracy. He was also the first postmaster in Rockport from June 6, 1818, to May 9, 1823, I have known many of John Morgan's descendants, all of whom show their good blood and breeding, several in this family being unusually gifted in an intellectual way. I have seen their heirlooms of furniture, linen, silver, and pictures which tend to prove their ancestry. The Lincolns were almost sure to have known John Morgan. At the time Morgan became postmaster, Rockport was known as Mt. Duvall, having been named in honor of Honorable William Duvall, friend of Daniel Grass.¹ Duvall lived at Beardstown and so did W. R. Hynes and Daniel Grass. These men were promoting their land investments and brought to the attention of their Kentucky neighbors the wonderful county in Indiana. Duvall was born in Virginia in 1784, and received much of his education there. He had studied law under Judge Brodnax, one of the early judges near Hartford, Kentucky. The Lincolns could have known Duvall and W. R. Hynes and Grass in Kentucky and may have been influenced by them to come to the new county in Indiana.

1. When Edwin Moore, the second postmaster, took office May 9, 1825, the name had been changed from Mt. Duvall to Rockport. I have in my Spencer County historical archives a letter written to John Morgan while he was postmaster and addressed to him at Mt. Duvall or Rockport. The letter was written January 22, 1821, by his brother, William. This letter is now one hundred six year old.

Abe Lincoln was of an inquiring mind—we have his own words, addressed to Leonard Swett, that he (Lincoln) had read through every book he had ever heard of in that country for a radius of fifty miles from the farm upon which he lived; he must have availed himself of every opportunity to talk to people as well as read their books. As Rockport is only a little over seventeen miles from where Lincoln lived, and Boonville is almost as near, Lincoln did not have far to go to come in contact with some of those well known public men.

Stephen P. Cissna was the first doctor in Rockport and perhaps visited the Lincolns in a professional way as he rode horseback for miles over the county. I knew some of his descendants, good, intelligent people, some of whom are still living in Spencer County today.

John Pitcher was the first resident attorney in Rockport. He was one of Indiana's most intellectual men and a wonderful orator. He was a member of the legislature in 1830 representing Spencer and Perry counties. He had a splendid library and it has been proved that he loaned Lincoln books. Pitcher was postmaster in Rockport from 1827 to 1832. There is no evidence I have seen of any postoffice nearer the Lincoln farm than Rockport. Thomas Lincoln paid his taxes there and probably the farmers generally knew the postmaster at Rockport, and I think Lincoln knew all of the leading men of the village. He is shown to have known Pitcher well and to have been intimate and confidential with him.

John W. Graham, a man of education and culture, was elected Lay Judge in 1825. His descendants have all been worthwhile people, showing the inheritance of mental gifts and good breeding. There is little doubt that he and young Lincoln were acquainted, for Graham was a candidate for Lay Judge to succeed himself and continued as judge till long after Lincoln left Indiana. Lincoln is known to have frequented the courthouse at Rockport, where he must have seen Judge Graham frequently.

The Crooks family were people of splendid education and were leaders in public affairs during the later years of Lincoln's residence here.

Thomas and Alexander Britton were brothers who came from Virginia to Indiana in 1827. They were both men of culture and education. Alexander Britton's home was the center of church and social activities in those early days, and

before any church was built in Rockport, services were held in his house.

Thomas P. Britton was my grandfather. He spoke several languages and his handwriting in the county record books is so beautiful that the county officers of today delight in showing it to visitors. I have often heard my mother and aunt tell how many foreigners were brought to their home on their arrival in Spencer County because my grandfather could speak their language. Often at night there would be so many guests that my grandmother had to make beds on the floor. Many of the older people in Rockport have told me that they spent their first night in Rockport in my grandfather's home. Being clerk and recorder of the county for a number of years, he helped the foreigners to get settled and looked after their land. My mother told me much concerning the social affairs of that early day, the schools and their teachers, and she said my grandfather was often so depressed over the fact that his children could not have the education he wished for them because they only had school at intervals when a teacher could be secured. My grandfather had the first frame residence built in Rockport and the first brick residence, both of which are still standing and in excellent condition. He owned much land in and around Rockport.

Azel Dorsey was one of the first school teachers in the county and a man who played rather an important part in affairs of the county. It was in his home, a few miles west of Rockport, that the first court was held. He was one of Abraham Lincoln's teachers.

The very earliest newspapers in Spencer County were destroyed by fire, but I have read and reread several volumes of *The Planter*, a newspaper published in 1848, by Thomas Langdon, who lived here in Lincoln's time. He was a lawyer and had practiced at the bar in New York. He had a college education and was a brilliant man. His grandson and great grandsons are living in Rockport and are engaged in newspaper work today. These early newspapers that are filed in our library tell much of the social, literary, and business affairs of the county, and although published eighteen years after the Lincolns left Indiana, they show the kind of people (for they were the same), who lived near the Lincolns all those formative years of Abe's life. In these papers are mentioned banquets, balls, dinner parties, musical affairs, etc.

There was a philosophical society with members such as General J. C. Veatch, W. W. Cotton, James DeBruler, and many others. They studied astronomy, literature, phrenology, magnetism, mesmerism, etc. All young men who desired to improve their minds were urged to belong. In the papers were long lists of books that could be ordered by mail and magazines advertised for sale. News from all over the world was printed, and readers of those early papers would have a general fund of information, if they read nothing else. A phonetic alphabet was edited weekly by General J. C. Veatch and John Crawford.

Such was the type of newspapers in Rockport a few years after the Lincolns moved to Illinois, and we have the proof of Abe Lincoln's going on Saturdays to Gentryville to read the *Louisville Journal*, which was taken by William Jones (Colonel Jones), of Gentryville. Judging from what I have read in those early Rockport papers, the *Louisville Journal* would be a still greater source of education to a constant reader.

The Gentry family in Spencer County has always been considered one of the most substantial and respected of any family ever in the county, and we know how much time Lincoln spent with the Gentry boys. I have often talked with different members of the family concerning Lincoln's working for them. They are people of such standards of honesty, right living, and intelligence that they would influence any one who lived with them as Abe did. Their home life and manner of living was such as to attract and hold the attention of a boy like Lincoln.

It was with Allen Gentry that Lincoln took his first flatboat trip to New Orleans. James Gentry, the father of Allen, owned property in and near Rockport. In 1826 Allen came to live in the house near the river and a short distance from the boat landing where their produce was loaded on the flatboats for southern markets. Mr. and Mrs. Roby and their two daughters came from Gentryville with Allen to keep house for him, and on March 19, 1828, just a short time before Gentry and Lincoln started on their trip, Allen and Ann Roby were married. Lincoln stayed two weeks in Rockport helping to prepare and load the boat for its long trip. The flatboats were made from hewn logs as the trees were chopped

down. They were "pegged" together and calked as best they could with the material that they had.

We Spencer County people feel that this first trip of Lincoln's had much influence on him in later years because there is a tradition that on this trip he saw slaves whipped and sold, and vowed to his friend Gentry that if ever he had a chance to hit this evil he would hit it hard.

The Greathouse family was a notable one. John Greathouse had one of the earliest home libraries in Spencer County. He and his family had a good education for that day and time.

John Proctor was one of the county's brilliant men in that early day. He graduated from Harvard in 1813, and came to Spencer County in 1818. His family then and his descendants who live in Rockport today, are some of Spencer County's most cultured and progressive people. I have been told many interesting stories concerning John Proctor, and his culture and refinement by his granddaughter, Mrs. Carrie V. Halbruge.

The Rays and Lamars were the very earliest settlers, educated and of fine family. They did much for Spencer County and are today Spencer County's leading families. They show a background of breeding and culture. The Lincoln family could not have lived fourteen years in Spencer County without knowing the Ray and Lamar families and being impressed by their manner of living and their influence in the county.

The Huffmans came in 1812, and their children and grandchildren have "carried on" in Spencer County and are among its most honored and educated families.

Isaac Veatch was an early settler in Spencer County, coming from Harrison County to Spencer in 1825. He was a Baptist minister and no doubt preached a number of times at Old Pigeon Baptist Church where Thomas Lincoln was a member. He was in the Indiana legislature in 1827, representing Spencer and Perry Counties. He had seven children, the youngest of whom was James, born December 19, 1819, in Harrison County. He was later to become an outstanding figure in Spencer County and Indiana. He became a major general in the civil war. Although he was a small boy when the Lincolns lived in Spencer County, he was a type of that western frontier life, showing the culture, intellect, and train-

ing of his ancestors. He studied and taught in the fields of both botany and history. He has children and grandchildren that I have known all my life.

I cannot mention every separate family in those pioneer days and tell their ancestry and their opportunity for education; I have taken a few from my original list to prove that Lincoln found within less than one-half of his own mentioned radius of fifty miles, many cultured and educated people whose lives could have inspired him, all of whom lived in the same county with him, and during his years spent here there was full opportunity for Lincoln to know them.

It would have been impossible for any one with average intelligence to have lived where Lincoln did in those early days in Spencer County and not have come in contact with many of the public men of that time. John A. Breckenridge, who lived in Boonville, perhaps did more than any other man in attracting Lincoln to the study of law. Lincoln frequently went to Boonville to attend trials and hear the lawyers argue their cases and thereby came in contact with Breckenridge. Breckenridge came from the east where he was well educated in an outstanding college. He is one of the prominent men of pioneer days in Indiana.

The DeBruler family, who produced such brilliant men, lived in Jasper. It was a notable family, first in Pike County in 1818, then in Dubois, and later in Spencer County. The twin brothers, Lemuel Quincy and James Pressbury DeBruler, were the two who came to Rockport in the forties. The DeBruler family were such outstanding people in southern Indiana at the time the Lincolns lived here, that Abraham must have had knowledge of them. During the civil war, Judge L. Q. DeBruler was sent to Washington to see Lincoln on some business matter. After the conference was over and DeBruler started to leave, Lincoln brought his great hand down on DeBruler's shoulder and said, "Sit down and tell me about the folks back home." This showed the continued interest of Lincoln for his boyhood friends in Spencer County.

The Crawford family, who employed both Abe and his father, loaned Abe books. I know the grandson and great grandchildren of the Crawfords and have heard the grandson tell of the Crawford home life and Lincoln's connection with his grandfather's home, etc.

The Hyland family were early aristocrats in Spencer County, also the Mattinglys and Browns. The Hackleman family came in 1819, and there have been four generations of them. They were foremost men of the county. The Roberts, Brooners, Berrys, Cottons, Wilkinsons, Grigsbys, Richardsons, Wrights, Huffs, Romines, Medcalfs, Basyes, and many more families could be named whose genealogies are familiar to me.

Lincoln's social affiliations were not alone in Spencer County, but in Dubois County around the neighborhood of Enlow Hill, as George R. Wilson has described it. Could any pioneer community be started with more blue blood and education than were those early settlements in southern Indiana, with New Harmony leading them all?

We must not forget that the stepmother of Lincoln, Sarah Bush Lincoln, did much to mold the character of the boy Lincoln and to arouse his ambitions. She loved the motherless boy and he gave her a son's devotion. Although Sarah Lincoln had little education, she encouraged Abraham in his desire to learn.

Here in this new, free state, the boy Abraham Lincoln grew to young manhood. His neighbors were largely clear-minded, unpretending men of common sense, whose patriotism was unquestionable. He was undoubtedly molded by their influence and inspired by their intellect and so became the first true type of American citizen with sterling qualities of heart, humane sympathies, purity of life, the emancipator of a race.

THE NEW ALBANY AND SALEM RAILROAD

By Frank F. Hargrave, Purdue University, Lafayette

When emigration from the east had crossed the mountain barrier, the pioneer found himself in that fertile section of country now known as the Middle West. It would have been difficult to find in any land a region with greater potential wealth. The possibility of exploiting nature was practically unlimited. There was, however, one serious obstacle in the way of unrestrained production; namely, the want of an adequate system of transportation to carry the products of labor to distant markets. Production is but half done when only the initial steps have been taken. It then becomes neces-

John Hay and Walter Gresham Stand Out as Two Illustrious Sons

Evansville Press 4-24-28
By WILLIAM E. WILSON JR.

Posted in conspicuous places thruout the town of Salem, Ind., are many signs directing strangers to the birthplace of John Hay, American statesman and author, and friend of Abraham Lincoln, who spent his boyhood but 50 miles away at Lincoln City.

These signs lead to the heart of the town where stands a small brick house that is kept in constant repair by its occupants. A small granite marker in the front yard of this house bears a simple inscription that here John Hay was born Oct. 8, 1838.

This inscription, according to inhabitants of the town who remember the things their sires said about the statesman, is quite in keeping with the quiet and unassuming disposition of the man it commemorates. Hay, with Walter Q. Gresham, who was born near Lanesville, Ind., in 1832, and later became secretary of state under President Cleveland, is a hero in all the family circles in this community of 2500 and in all of Washington and Harrison counties.

Revered by People

Both men are revered by the people of this region and their reverence is heightened by the fact that they always kept in close touch with their homes. Tradition has it that Gresham made a yearly pilgrimage to Lanesville as long as his mother was living. And Hay was no less assiduous in the respect he paid his birthplace.

Probably because he collaborated with John George Nicolay in writ-

ing a 10-volume life of Lincoln, Hay achieved renown that is destined to live longer than that of Gresham. He left Indiana at an early age to study at Brown university, from which he was graduated in 1858, and soon after that an appointment as assistant private secretary to President Lincoln gave him his start in public life.

Varied Career

His career was as varied as it was interesting, taking him to Paris, Vienna and Madrid as secretary to United States legations and in 1898 sending him to London as ambassador to Great Britain under

THE POCKET PERISCOPE

By Thomas James de la Hunt

At what point on the Ohio did Thomas Lincoln and his family cross the river in their migration to Indiana from Kentucky in 1817, is a phase of "the Lincoln Inquiry" for the Historical Research and Reference Committee of the Indiana Lincoln Union to deal with, since a claim has been recently exploited making Grandview the scene of this incident. Instead of Troy or Maxville, where the majority of people have always believed that it took place.

In saying "Grandview" it should be remembered that a then unnamed settlement at the mouth of Little Sandy creek, in Hammond township, Spencer county, Perry county at that time,—is meant, where Uriah Lawar and Ezekiel Ray had located in 1808. (Goodspeed's History, p. 263.) but where the town of Grandview was not laid off until September, 1831. (Goodspeed, p. 354) the place having been known for several years as "Blount's Landing." (Abid.) Troy, however, in 1817 was the county seat of Perry county which then extended to the west line of the present Hammond, Clay and Carter townships of Spencer county, adjoining Warrick county, and had been laid out for Francis Posey by Samuel Moore surveyor, and divided into lots by order of the Circuit Court, March 1815. (Goodspeed, p. 668.)

The editor of The Pocket Periscope was long unaware that any authorities had ever controverted the tradition that Thomas Lincoln made his first trip to Indiana by flatboat or raft, coming as far as Troy and bringing with him a cargo of whiskey. Dr. Louis A. Warren, however, in his volume "Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood," (Century company, 1926.) has given some important details touching this apocryphal story, saying: (p. 291) "The river trip was evidently first put forward by William M. Thayer in 'The Pioneer Boy,' (p. 72.) published in 1863. We have yet to find an author who has questioned its authenticity, and even the latest works on Lincoln treat it as an established fact. We can find nothing to support it and much to contradict it. It seems to have been written as a sequel to the sale of the Knob Creek farm, which made it necessary to move ten barrels of whiskey to Indiana. The sale of the farm for whiskey has been shown (Thayer, p. 8) to be pure fiction. With no barrels of whiskey to transport, we have no need of a raft, and no call for a river trip. Thus the removal becomes a story of one part."

Warren on the same page (291) has observed that the story of the Lincolns' migration is sometimes told in three parts; the prospecting trip, the river trip, and the overland trip, the first of these finding a staunch proponent in the Reverend J. Edward Murr of New Albany, who asserted in the Indiana Magazine of History for December, 1917, (p. 332) that Thomas Lincoln was on a visit to his brother Josiah in Harrison county when he decided to locate in the new and free state of Indiana. Some of the descendants of William and Joseph Hanks have held to a family tradition that the Hankses were responsible for the Indiana migration of Thomas Lincoln, but Warren expresses his conviction that a more directly contributory circumstance than either of these lay in the fact that the widow and orphan children of Hananiah Lincoln lived in the vicinity of Troy, on Anderson creek, a few miles back from the river.

rehearses the whiskey tradition, but has Thomas Lincoln landing at Thompson's Ferry, where "he sold his boat and went to the home of his cousin, Hananiah Lincoln, on Anderson creek, this location now a part of Huff township, Spencer county. It is likely he remained here several days and then started on a prospecting trip to the west, following somewhat the old Indian trail from the mouth of Anderson to Vincennes. This trip was likely made in the month of September, 1816."

Warren tells us (p. 294), that "a map published as early as 1797 shows a trail already broken from the mouth of Anderson creek through the Pigeon creek neighborhood, which was to be the Indiana home of the Lincolns." Murr mentions (p. 320) that "in the year prior to the coming of the Lincolns a settler by the name of Hoskins had been employed to blaze a trail from Troy to the village of Darlington, the county seat town to the west, in order that the mail carrier might not get lost. This blazed trail passed through the region where Gentryville was a little later laid out, and it was over this trail that Thomas Lincoln moved his family and household effects to his new home."

The independent testimony of these three quotations makes it fairly clear that there must have been an accessible route from the mouth of Anderson to the land on which Thomas Lincoln settled, whether his migration thither was made in one, two or three episodes. All agree as to the fact that Thomas Lincoln's having landed at or near the mouth of Anderson creek on some occasion.

As to the reason for his locating just where he did, there are difference of opinion. Murr (p. 319) contradicts—on the basis of Dennis Hanks—the "never failing spring" story, but relates (Ibid) that "after going inland some 15 miles he (Thomas Lincoln) met a man named Carter, with whom he had more or less acquaintance. This circumstance seems to have largely determined his choice of the location which he made in the midst of the bush. There were seven families residing in this region when Thomas Lincoln made choice of his future home."

Warren does not commit himself to any fanciful hypothesis on the score of the exodus from Kentucky, saying (p. 292) that it "cannot be described in detail with reference either to the route taken or to the type of conveyance used. Again the imagination of the biographer has been given full play. Thayer asserts (p. 8) that the Lincolns packed their belongings on Thomas's three horses. Another biography (Nicolay and Hay, p. 29) says that the backs of two borrowed horses carried their household effects. Still another version (Gore, p. 312) pictures the conveyance as a spring wagon to which the two horses were hitched," remarking that "Mrs. Lincoln and Sarah were seated on a bed of straw in the front of the wagon." Barrett (p. 21) sketches a similar word-picture, adding to the caravan an "indispensable cow" and a "large dog," along with the "not too spirited or over-fed horse in a harness probably compounded of leather and hemp cords of uncertain age."

Baker adheres to the two-part migration which has always had chief credence in southwestern Indiana, but in its first episode introduces us to

self facing practically the same mileage in either case before he could reach the old post road over which he would later have to return with his family.

In portraying the overland journey Baker relates that Thomas Lincoln "used two wagons drawn by oxen, had a saddle horse and perhaps a cow," and says: "That they ferried at the mouth of Little Sandy is substantiated by the Murphey descendants. Affidavit of grandson of Ed Murphey." This affidavit is not otherwise quoted, but sundry old citizens are named as giving similar verbal testimony in 1884, 1885, 1886 and 1898. The road which Baker claims that the Lincoln family then took is set forth with minute detail or route as far as the three-sided pole cabin which Thomas Lincoln is said to have built "about a mile to the north of Reuben Grigsby's" and where, according to Baker, "the family lived during the first winter and a part of the next season."

That widespread interest has been aroused by the "Little Sandy" version of Thomas Lincoln's coming to Indiana, is shown through a letter addressed to the Research and Reference Committee of the Indiana Lincoln Union by a former Indianan, M. S. Jones, now connected with the Illinois Printing company, at Danville in that state. A portion of the letter reads as follows:

"Noticing an Associated Press article in a Chicago paper, in which mention is made of the ferry on which the Lincoln family crossed the Ohio river in 1817, it occurred to me that you would consider the record of 'The Navigator,' written in 1811, published in 1824 by Cramer and Spear of Pittsburgh. You probably know the book, of which I have a copy; 'Navigating the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, With Ample Account of These Much Admired Waters,' showing plates of the Ohio river in minute detail, islands, sandbars and currents, with description of each bank of the river.

"In the description—going down stream, of course,—is: 'Harden's Creek, left side. In a fork of this creek stood Harden's Fort, built at the first settlement of Kentucky.' (Describes the creek). 'Flint Island, 67.' (Describes the island.) Gives account of the grounding of the vessel Tuskarora, 1808, owned by Jones and Anderson. 'Clover Creek, left side.' 'Deer Creek, right side.' 'Anderson's River, right side.' (Indiana side.) 'Anderson's Ferry, right side.' 'Five miles below the ferry is a large sand bar called Anderson's Bar.'"

"Mr. Jones then reverts up stream to 'Salt River, left side, with three forks,' proceeding to remark: 'The middle one, Rolling Fork, is the river on which Thomas Lincoln lived, paddled himself alone with his outfit to its mouth and across the Ohio river when he made his first trip and located his claim in Indiana as is on record with the numbered lots. He returned to his place on the Rolling Fork of Salt river and took his family and belongings to Indiana in November of that year, 1817. Whether he took his boat only to the mouth of Salt river at this time, or crossed on a ferry, is not really known but, if any ferry, it would be Andersen's. The facts as above are given in Lincoln's own letter, in the only account which he wrote of his boy life. He writes in his own hand: 'Here I arrived at the age of eight, and here I grew up.'"

"I have also a book of 'Letters of Morris Birkbeck,' continues Mr. Jones, "most interesting, in which are full details of his coming from England in 1817 with his family and friends taking up land in Illinois."

move ten barrels of whiskey to Indiana. The sale of the farm for whiskey has been shown (Thayer, p. 8) to be pure fiction. With no barrels of whiskey to transport, we have no need of a raft, and no call for a river trip. Thus the removal becomes a story of one part."

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Murr (p. 319) describes Thomas Lincoln's "lonely voyage" as terminating at "Thompson's, now called Gage's Landing, a short distance below the town of Troy," where "he placed his cargo in the care of a settler by the name of Posey." Although some discrepancy might seem to occur here, since Troy has always alleged that "Thompson's Ferry" had its Indiana landing-point at the base of "Fulton Hill," east of the village; county records quoted by Goodspeed (p. 274), shows Francis Posey on April 17, 1811, to have entered 365.52 acres in fractional section 15-6-3, which lies directly on the Ohio river one mile west of Anderson creek, adjoining fractional section 14-6-3, where Waller Taylor on May 6, 1807, had entered 122.11 acres (Ibid), just below the mouth of Anderson.

It is here that the town plat of Maxville, consisting of sixty-two lots, was laid out by Wilson Huff, surveyor for James McDaniel, April 12, 1841. (Goodspeed, p. 368), but there is no evidence to support a persistent tradition which has even crept into print, that Lincoln once lived in one of two weatherboarded log cabins that still stand on the water front street of Maxville. These two buildings are shown in a wood-cut facing page 113 of Barrett's Life of Abraham Lincoln (edition 1865); the picture styled "Anderson Creek Ferry, Where Mr. Lincoln was Ferryman for Nine Months," an incidental circumstance which may have fostered the romantic story in question.

Charles T. Baker's (copyright) sketch in the Grandview Monitor for February 12, 1928, to which reference was made last week in this column,

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Baker adheres to the two-part migration which has always had chief credence in southwestern Indiana, but in its first episode introduces us to a Grigsby family, making Thomas Lincoln a guest in the home of Reuben Grigsby, sr., "three miles south of the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln;" Lincoln making his choice of land "to the north of the Grigsby home." "While here"—says Bayer's (copyright) article—"he learned of the more direct way to his former home in Kentucky by way of Fort Blackford, Hartford City, etc., and when he started home he went by way of the old Indian trail to the mouth of Little Sandy, where the Murpheys had a wood yard and ferry."

A Kentucky map published in 1814 in Carey's "Atlas of the World and Quarters" shows a trail leading from Hardinsburg to Yellow Bank (Owensboro) and Henderson, running south of Blackford creek which then divided Hardin from Ohio county. Another road starting from Hardinsburg angles still farther south below Panther creek and, headed toward Greenville in Muhlenberg county, crosses Rough creek at Hartford, thus by no means a "more direct way" between Little Pigeon creek in Indiana and Knob creek in Kentucky.

The tract on which Thomas Lincoln had 'squatted' prior to eventual legal entry was practically equidistant from the mouth of Anderson and the mouth of Little Sandy; the Ohio river between Troy (or Maxville) and Grandview forming the base of an almost equilateral triangle. Whether ferrying across at "Thompson's," where he had originally landed in Indiana, or at "Murfhey's," where the Baker article describes his passage, Thomas Lincoln when again on Kentucky soil would have found him-

miles below the ferry is a large sand bar called Anderson's Bar."

"Mr. Jones then reverts up stream to 'Salt River, left side, with three forks,' proceeding to remark: 'The middle one, Rolling Fork, is the river on which Thomas Lincoln lived, paddled himself alone with his outfit to its mouth and across the Ohio river when he made his first trip and located his claim in Indiana as is on record with the numbered lots. He returned to his place on the Rolling Fork of Salt river and took his family and belongings to Indiana in November of that year, 1817. Whether he took his boat only to the mouth of Salt river at this time, or crossed on a ferry, is not really known but, if any ferry, it would be Anderson's. The facts as above are given in Lincoln's own letter, in the only account which he wrote of his boy life. He writes in his own hand: 'Here I arrived at the age of eight, and here I grew up.'"

* * *

"I have also a book of 'Letters of Morris Birkbeck,'" continues Mr. Jones, "most interesting, in which are full details of his coming from England in 1817 with his family and friends, taking up land in Illinois just across the Wabash river from Harmony. There is a beautiful map in this book, showing the lines of route overland from Pittsburgh, which touched the Ohio river in one or two places. They came in wagons and on horseback. Then there is the settlement at New Harmony, where the talent of the best learning was teaching during the years 1810 to 1830. There, within the radius of sixty miles, three great impulses were being set in motion, down in one little corner of Indiana! It thrills me, and if my contribution is any good, I am glad.

"I am a 'noble Indianian' myself and can travel (in my mind) any day down the Wabash river with a special thrill when I pass between the banks where New Harmony lies, with Lincoln's boyhood home from eight to eighteen on one side, and Morris Birkbeck's beautiful house and lands and \$28,000 from England on the other. Talk about early days! Read his wonderful letters, and glory in our progenitors! Yours truly,

Old Document Found in Perry Courthouse Tells of Lincoln Family Moving Into Indiana

CANNELTON June 1. —(Special)— Lincoln biographers and historians who have been long baffled by the problem of just where Thomas Lincoln and his family crossed the Ohio river from Kentucky into Indiana, may find its solution in a document just discovered by Circuit Judge Oscar C. Minor in the Perry county courthouse here, bound as an insert in Original Deed Book "A" at pages 9 and 10.

Under date of August 20, 1866, Jacob Weatherholt, jr., then aged 71, writes in his own hand: "My father, Jacob Weatherholt, sr., ferried Thomas Lincoln and his family; wife Nancy; daughter, Sarah; and son Abraham, age eight years; from the hills of Kentucky to Indiana; consisting of a yoke of oxen, a cow, a cart and some camping on land I now own, and next day made his way down the Indiana banks of the Ohio by Indian trails and paths, camping the second night at Rock Island, where General Lafayette was wrecked in 1825, and then made his way to his new Indiana

home where he had taken up a Federal land claim at Vincennes."

The document further states that "In the spring of 1819 Thomas Lincoln returned to his old Kentucky home by same trail and brought back with him his second wife, by name of Sarah Bush."

Other verified facts concerning the Lincolns are given, and Judge Minor regards the document as indisputable prima facie evidence, testimony of a nature that would stand in any court of law, since in a concluding paragraph the witness mentions "this being 1866, just 50 years back, 1816, since I first knew Abraham Lincoln." The signed statement entered at the time of its writing by William P. Drumb, recorder, has a duplicate in possession of Jacob Weatherholt, jr's grandson, Clarence C. Leaf, who owns part of the land referred to, and operates a ferry between his home at Tobinsport and the Kentucky town of Cloverport, just where his great grandfather ferried the Lincolns across.

Lafayette Journal & Courier 6-11-28

THE BIGGEST SYCAMORE.

Evidence that there grew in Indiana in the 1800's a sycamore tree much larger than one blown down near Worthington, Ind., some time ago, then credited with being the largest broad-leaved tree in the world, has been found by Louis A. Warren, Hoosier historian, in an old newspaper in the state library. Information concerning the tree, which was located in Harrison county, was contained in a letter written by James Pickett to the Western Sun and General Advertiser, of Vincennes, in 1828. According to Pickett, who said the measurement was witnessed by Tanslay Rucker, James S. Prather and S. E. Crutchfield, "gentlemen of intelligence and citizens of Louisville", the tree was 65 feet in circumference. The Worthington tree was 42 feet, 3 inches in circumference. Pickett said there was a hollow 18 feet in diameter at the base. "It is reported by a gentleman living near", he wrote, "that sixteen horses have stood in it at once".

Western Sun
June 15 1828

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[Lafayette Journal and Courier]
June 14-1928

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The MONITOR

C. T. BAKER, Editor and Publisher.

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Grandview, Ind., July 26, 1928.

There is a disposition on the part of some not to accept anything new concerning the life of the Lincoln family while living in Spencer county. This is regrettable for the reason that the deeds and incidents were so thoroughly neglected during the early years of the ex-president's greatness. More than one descendant of early settlers has told the editor there is much more than may be obtained "but it is not recognized by — and —." It is also true that all matter concerning the family life should be carefully weighed and proven, but the popular demand is for additional features. Many who know of them are withholding because of this lack of appreciation among the class referred to. Then, too, certain propaganda has entered into the gathering of this material, until greed and selfishness along certain lines are about to dethrone the higher purpose. We trust that no one will hide any facts they may have as out of the mass of evidence will be sifted the genuine and it will be a welcome addition to public reading and history.

TWO ROCKPORT CITIZENS BURIED SUNDAY

Alfred H. Yates.

Alfred H. Yates was born in England and came to America when quite a small boy and lived for a period in Evansville, but came to Rockport and began business for himself as a marble cutter and dresser. He it was who designed, executed and erected the first marker at the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and the Studebakers paid him for the work. The marker was erected in 1879.

He was a member of the Baptist church for many years and the editor of The Monitor worked with him in Sunday school work when he first came to Spencer county in October, 1898. He was a man who loved his church and humbly and gladly did many deeds for the building of The Kingdom through the church of his choice and belief. He often gave evidence of Christian spirit when others ruled against him in Christian work, but his faith and fidelity never faltered and he continued to be faithful to such charges as he was permitted to do and he excelled in many deeds and only his age caused him to be unpopular with the younger set. He had a character worth copying by many young men of today.

In civic efforts he was often called upon to plan and also execute scenery and decorations for various entertainments and programs.

His death was reported early Friday morning and burial was in Sunset Hill Cemetery Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Narcissa Ellis.

Mrs. Narcissa Ellis, age 66, died at the home of her sisters, the Misses Laura and Puss Wright, Friday morning and burial was in Shiloh Cemetery Sunday afternoon.

Uncle Wes Hall, of Spring Grove, Kentucky, who came over to attend the Lincoln monument dedication at Lincoln City last week will spend three or four weeks visiting relatives and friends here before returning. Uncle Wes is in his eighty-fourth year and was born and raised in this county, living at Santa Claus in this county when there was not a house between his father's home and the Ohio river nine miles away. He has many interesting recollections of the Lincolns when they lived in this county. *Rockport Journal Oct 10, 1902*

FROM ROCKPORT HERALD.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dean called Tuesday morning and left with us for a few days a copy of The Herald, published in Rockport, Ind., November 1, 1844, with James C. Veatch, editor. The contents are very largely political, and announces that Henry Clay ran for president, T. Frelinghuysen for vice president, and state electors were Henry S. Lane, of Montgomery and Joseph G. Marshall, of Jefferson; John A. Brackenridge, of Warrick county, was an elector from the first district.

Among the items is the following paragraph: Mr. Lincoln, of Springfield, Ill., addressed a large and respectable audience at the court house on Wednesday evening last, upon the whig policy. His main argument was directed in pointing out the advantages of a Protective Tariff. He handled that subject in a manner that done honor to himself and the whig cause. Other objects were investigated in like manner. His speech was plain, argumentative and of an hour's duration. When he closed, Mr. J. Pitcher arose and delivered a speech in his forcible and powerful manner. He exhibited the democratic policies in an unenviable light, at least we thought so.

There is also an account of the boiler explosion on the steamer, Lucy Walker, near New Albany, with great loss of life.

Both of the grand-mothers of John and James Mosby, of this place, knew Abe Lincoln as a boy and were also quite well acquainted with his family. Elizabeth Woods Hammond's parents owned land to the north of the Lincoln tract and Abe often worked for them and it is said that Abe was an at his task and when night came or industrious, studious boy, who worked other resting periods, he would read or study as occasion permitted. He was a popular friend of Miss Woods, but she resented anything more than friendship. Elizabeth Finch Mosby knew Thomas Lincoln and stated that Milt Kelley, now deceased, was a man of like temperament and habits as Thomas Lincoln; and that Thomas Lincoln could do some very neat work in wood with his saw, axe and knife. "Abe was a hustler," she stated, and she was one of the school teachers in the neighborhood of the Lincoln home in later years after the Lincolns had left the county. The evidence continues to accumulate that Abe Lincoln, while using all of the advantages offered for an education, was quite largely a self-educated man.

Green Taylor Left His Mark on Lincoln's Face.

While interviewing John Rust, age 90, at his home near the ford of Crooked creek on the old Troy-Gentryville trail, last Sunday, the editor was told the following story:

Green Taylor, a son of James Taylor, told me at the time Abraham Lincoln was being taken to Illinois for burial that he was sure Lincoln had one scar that he put on him. "It was during the season that Abe was operating the ferry across the Anderson creek for my father, that we were told, one rainy day to go into the crib and husk corn. While we were husking the corn, Abe taunted me about a certain girl in Troy that I did not like and kept it up until I tore the husk off a big ear of corn and threw the ear at him. It struck him just above the eye and the scar remained through life."

ABE USED AX VERY WELL

William Thrasher, of Lewisport, Ky., was in town Sunday and stated that his grandfather, Steven McDaniel, operated a wood yard near the mouth of Anderson creek in 1828 and that Abe Lincoln was employed for a period of time and that young Abe, then nineteen years of age, was the best woodsman of the entire crew.

The four persons who are to portray the part of Abe Lincoln in the historical pageant at Rockport on July 4th are: Frederick Halbruge, as Lincoln when a child of seven; William Pyle, as the growing boy; Millarl Huffman, the youth; and William Parsley, as the Lincoln of 1844, when he was campaigning for Henry Clay.

Find Deed Lincoln Signed

By Times Special

PETERSBURG, Ind. April 3.—A deed signed by Abraham Lincoln March 3, 1865, a month before he was assassinated, was found by M. C. Stoops, while searching records of a newspaper he formerly published here. The deed was for renewal of a land grant to Daniel Catt. Clay township, Pike County.

When Lincoln Was

21

WHEN THOMAS LINCOLN and his family started their pilgrimage from Pigeon Creek, Indiana to Illinois, Abraham had been 21 years old for just one day. The caravan was comparatively late in leaving Pigeon Creek that gray morning of the 13th of February, 1830, because Abraham was not in sight. Matilda Johnston, his step-sister, went in search of him, and found him on the hilltop beside his mother's grave, sobbing his farewell. He remembered the start of the Lincoln wagon for Indiana 14 years before. Abraham was only seven then, and the family was much smaller. It consisted only of his father, his mother—Nancy Hanks, his sister Sarah and himself. On this new journey, his mother and sister would not be with them. So, he permitted himself the luxury of weeping at their graves before he joined his stepmother and her brood, to lighten their journey by his whimsical jests and good-natured kindness.

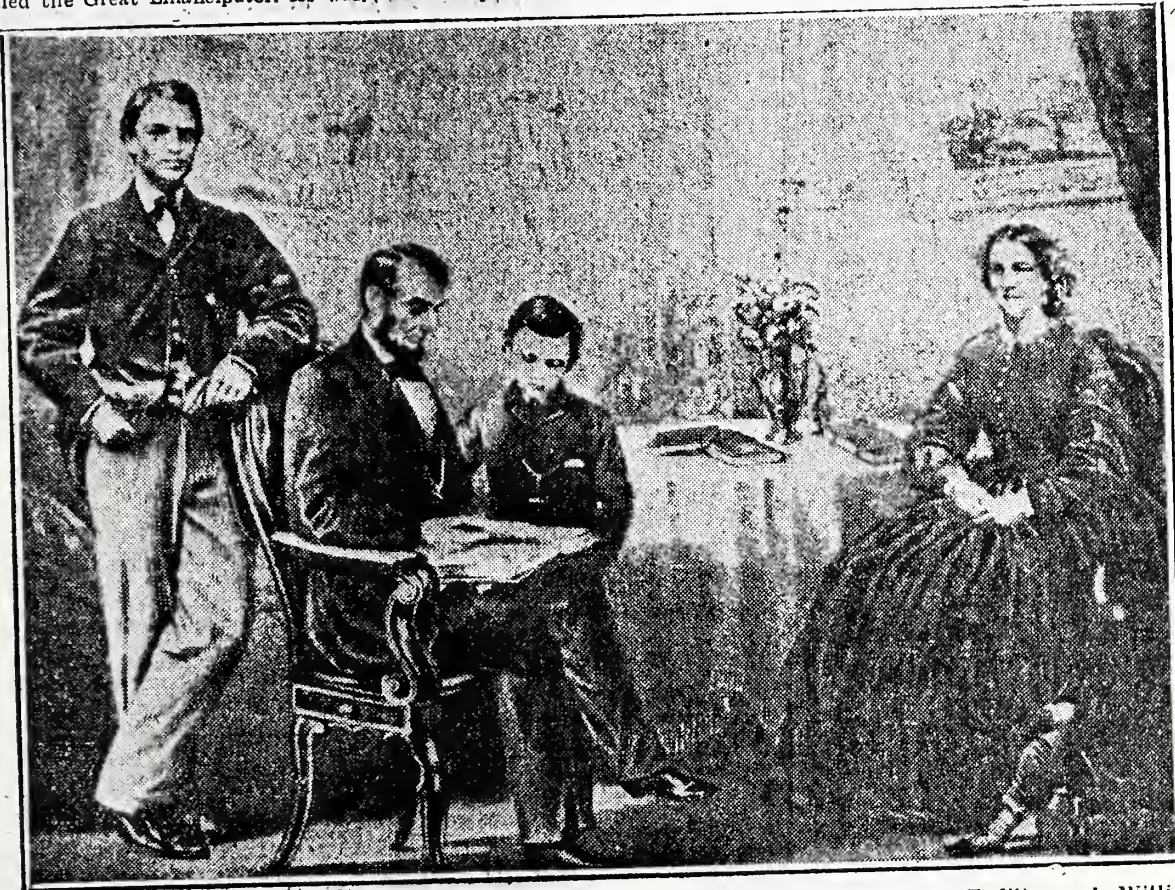
This was a momentous occasion for the young man who was destined to be called the Great Emancipator. He was,

ham had saved from being shot because, he explained, "the poor little dog looks like I feel sometimes." Then, there was "Honey," another dog of Abe's. If it had not been for his master, "Honey" would never have reached Illinois. During the journey from Indiana, while the emigrants were fording an icy stream, the dog had to be left floundering behind. On the other side, Abe looked around for his pet, and against every protest, took off his shoes and waded back, with long legs bared to the freezing water, to carry the shivering and whimpering dog to safety. The dog, as Lincoln himself afterwards related, gave "frantic leaps of joy" at finding himself on solid ground again.

At 21, Abraham Lincoln was a strapping, healthy youth who worked hard and played hard. He could swing an ax with more force than any man in the neighborhood. Always mild-mannered and good-natured, he could, if need be, defend himself or anyone else whom he felt was being maltreated in a physical encounter. He was the champion wrestler of the country-

mother Hanks by interpolating whole passages from it while reading the old lady's Bible aloud to her. His grandmother saw through his trick after awhile and said, "Abe, I've heard the Bible read a many time in my life, but I never yet heard them things in it."

By the time Abe was 15 he was making speeches that would do credit to a man of considerable erudition. The reason was that he had managed to obtain a copy of Scott's "Lessons in Elocution," which contained numerous selections from the classics, and, in his thorough way, he memorized them all. It must have been a thrilling thing to see the tall, rangy, shabbily dressed backwoods boy, standing barefoot on a stump, expounding mature wisdom to older men, and sprinkling his speech with quotations from Mark Antony's Oration, Cicero's denunciation of Cataline, and grand old utterances of Demosthenes. It was "biab" school training, perhaps, that made the mind of Lincoln so precise in its logic that he could write a speech that was a masterpiece of



The Lincoln family: The boys are: Robert, (who died in 1926); Thomas, ("Tad"), and William Wallace Lincoln.

at 21, tall, powerful, kindly and just, and in spite of little schooling, he was well if not widely read. He was tired of being a backwoodsman and he had visions of being the first of the Lincoln's to become distinguished. Ambition and high hopes stirring within him had perhaps, given him some inkling of his great destiny. The backwoods of Indiana had been his world, save for a trip down the river to New Orleans. He knew, though, that there was a vast world before him, and he hoped to make his mark in it.

side. Men liked him because he was both a "he-man" and a bookish man. He could talk or argue better than any of them. He could juggle figures deftly, although he had gone to school less than a year in his whole life, and had only been taught to cipher to the Rule of Three. His cousin, Dennis Hanks said of him, "There was suthin' peculiarsome about him. I've seen him walk into a crowd of sawin' rowdies and tell some droll yarn and bust them all up. It was the same after he got to be a lawyer. All eyes was on

thought and expression, though it took less than five minutes to deliver it at Gettysburg!

To New Orleans

During the years that Lincoln was rising before daybreak to read, or to walk miles through the chill of a winter's morning to borrow a book, there were potatoes to be hoed, and plying to do; planting, for both his father and the neighbors, became a part of his job; he wielded an ax in the woodlot or in an improvised slaughter-house as

Celebrating Abe's 21st Birthday

The Lincoln family had had a joyous time the day before. There had been chicken for dinner, for it was Abe's birthday besides, being the occasion of a farewell to old neighbors. Chicken was a rare treat in the family of Thomas Lincoln, and there was a fat berry pie besides, Abe, beaming upon the family and the meal informed them "Well, I'm sure glad that I was born."

Being young, Abraham Lincoln felt that, perhaps, on their removal from Pigeon Creek, the Lincolns would leave much of sadness and hardship behind them. They had not prospered in the 14 years since their removal from Kentucky. There had been irreparable loss in the death of Abe's mother and sister. The young backwoodsman, even at this age, had attained a depth of feeling that kept him always mindful of those whom he had loved. He could not know that the tragedy of his love for Anne Rutledge was still before him. He could not pierce the stupendous drama of his destiny. So, he thought, the Lincolns would leave sorrow and loss behind them on Pigeon Creek. And, his confidence told him, they would prosper. His youth would not grant that his story would always be, as he later described it as having been, quoting from Gray's elegy, "the short simple annals of the poor."

Uncle Dennis and Lincoln's Dog

The family party which set out on that journey from Indiana to Illinois was a large one. There was Thomas Lincoln and his wife, Abraham's beloved stepmother, Sarah Johnston Lincoln; Abraham, his cousin, Dennis Hanks and his wife (who was Mrs. Lincoln's daughter), Abe's other step-sister, Elizabeth, with her husband Levi Hall, and Abe's stepbrother, John D. Johnston. Then, there were Abe's two dogs, Oppur and Honey. Oppur was short for "Opportunity," and the dog in question was a rather forlorn, decrepit, mangy creature which Abra-

him whenever he was . . . And, my, how that boy could chop! He was a master hand at maulin' rails.

Women loved him because of his gentle kindness, his awkward courtesy, his whimsical good nature, and his droll humor. He could turn his hand to anything, and he did—helping his stepmother with the heavy work about the cabin, "tending babies" for neighbors—(Lincoln always adored children), and entertaining them with his funny stories. He loved his stepmother with something of the devotion which he had, as a child, given to his own mother, and Sarah Lincoln often said that she "loved him as if he were her own son. He never was disobedient, or spoke a cross word to me in his life." In fact, Abraham was early the object of Sarah Lincoln's most motherly attentions. She was quick to apprehend his precocious talents and strong, enduring qualities, and, like his own mother, she encouraged him in study and in reading.

Reading and Speaking

At 21, Abraham Lincoln had not read more than a dozen books, but he knew entire passages from these by heart. His little bit of "schooling" had been obtained in what he called a "blab" school, where the children learned all lessons by heart, and chanted them in a monotonous chorus. The "blab" school habit of memorizing served him well. As he grew older, his mind was almost blotter-like in its capacity for memorizing. Moreover, the paucity of books caused him to assimilate thoroughly those that did fall into his hands. He read them slowly, lying, at night in his cabin loft after he had been sent to bed, to puzzle over some idea or expression that was not quite clear to him. Precision of thinking was always necessary to him. He wrote out passages that intrigued him, using, when he had no paper, the smooth surface of a board. He knew "Pilgrim's Progress" so well that he used to tease his Grand-

part of the day's work. The later occupation, though, was one which he always abhorred. He was too tender-hearted for that sort of bloody toil, and the gentle spirit of Nancy Hanks was too strong in him to allow him to be content with the rough life of a backwoodsman. Twice, before the migration to Illinois, he had slipped out of the forest, and down the river to other worlds. When he was 17 he went with Levi Hall and Dennis Hanks to cut wood for the Ohio river boats at Posey's Land. On that job, he earned his first white shirt. He collected his wages in "white domestic" at 25c a yard. Two years later, he laid down his ax long enough to make a real journey—down the Ohio, down the lordly Mississippi, to New Orleans and the Slave Market with a cargo barge. On that trip, two significant things occurred. He looked, for the first time, on the horror that was human slavery, and he earned his

first dollar. He told the latter story in after years to Secretary of State Seward, in Mr. Lincoln's office in the White House.

"We had succeeded in raising, chiefly, by my labor, sufficient produce to justify us in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I got the consent of Mother to go and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and the bundle, down to the Southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flatboat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any way, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks. Looking at the different boats, they singled out mine and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you take us and our trunks to the steamer?' asked one of them. 'Certainly,' said I. I was glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out to them that they had forgotten to pay me. Each man took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it into the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Gentlemen, you may think it a little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a great event in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day,—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer to me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

Lincoln's environment did not keep him from having an instinctive feeling which he sometimes expressed that his eager ambition would lead him into a high position—"one that would help a lot of people." After his trip to New Orleans, he became interested in law, though he did not undertake the study of it until after the Lincolns had moved to Illinois. He would do his chores in the morning, and walk 17 miles to Booneville, the county seat of Warwick county, to attend court when it was in session. He would walk back at night, in time to do the evening chores—34 miles a day!

John A. Breckenridge was the foremost lawyer in the community, and had gained some fame in criminal cases. The lawyer soon came to know Lincoln. Years later, when the eager, gawky youth had become President of the United States, a venerable gentleman one day entered his office in the White House, and standing before him, asked: "Mr. President, do you know me?" Mr. Lincoln surveyed him for a moment, and then quickly smiled his singularly friendly smile, while he said, "Yes, I do. You are John A. Breckenridge. I used to walk 34 miles to hear you plead law in Booneville, and listening to your speeches at the bar first inspired me with the determination to be a lawyer."

Lincoln left the wilderness of his youth, and the wilderness of his unfocused ambition behind him. Pigeon Creek when he was 21 years old—a hundred years ago.

TURNHAM FAMILY HOLDINGS

As there has been more or less of question as to where the Turnham family lived in Spencer county during the Lincoln period of residence—1816 to 1830—I will give some data from an abstract we have:

The northeast quarter of section 32, township 4 south, range 5 west, containing 160 acres, was entered by Thomas Turnham January 28, 1813.

Thomas Turnham to David Turnham, deed signed and acknowledged before James Wakefield, recorder of Spencer county, October 8, 1827.

David Turnham and Nancy Turnham to William R. Kelley, May 30, 1837; recorded July 15, 1837; and this deed was signed by grantors before Thomas Medcalf, a Justice of the Peace of Spencer county.

The Lincoln family left Spencer county in 1830; and David Turnham still lived on this farm, and until 1837.

William R. Kelley and Nancy Kelley to William Jones and Joseph C. Richardson, August 27, 1840; this deed was signed before William Grigsby, a Justice of the Peace.

William Jones and Rachel Jones to William R. Kelley; and this deed was signed before William B. Young, a Justice of the Peace, October 2, 1847.

William R. Kelley and wife to Austin Kelley (a part of this tract supposed to contain fifty acres), deed signed before C. W. Medcalf, a Justice of the Peace, April 6, 1856. This description reads as follows: The grantor conveys and warrants to grantee, beginning at the northwest corner of the northeast quarter of section 32, 4, 5, thence east eighty rods, thence south sixty rods, thence southwest with a cross fence seventy-five rods to a country road leading from Elizabeth to Grandview, thence with said road forty-eight rods to the half-mile line dividing said section, thence north with line to beginning. The remainder of this farm was deeded by William Kelley and wife to George Horsman, before Allen Brooner, a Justice of the Peace, March 10, 1864.

Commissioners to Lucinda R. Brown, 109 acres; deed signed before Charles Jones, a Justice of the Peace of Spencer county, April 30, 1886.

Lucinda R. Brown, J. A. Brown, her husband, to James Farrow; deed signed before Charles Jones, a Justice of the Peace, February 18, 1888.

Amanda J. Farrow, Eliza L. Leising, T. A. Farrow, heirs of James Farrow, to Mary B. Skelton, deed before Thomas R. Green, a Justice of the Peace, August 17, 1907.

This portion of the farm I obtained contained the location of the old Turnham house. — Mary (Farrow) Skelton in Dale Reporter.

4-27-33
Gives you location

over



Mr. Louis A. Warren
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

No doubt you are a very busy man but I hope you will take time to give me all the information you can of the Gordons about whom I have been able to collect but little. I want to get the names of Noah Gordon's parents, where in Ky. they are buried and where in Va. Noah Gordon and his brothers Elijah and William (perhaps others) and sister - Mrs. Tyree - were born?

Did the Lincolns and Gordons live near each other in Ky.? If you do not know, please tell me to what county seat I must write to get this information?

In what part of Spencer Co., Ind. were the Gordon lands located?

Is there record of any of the Bartlette, his wife's family or the Tyrees, his sisters, going to Ind. also?

Noah Gordon's name is Manoah on his marr. record which is now in the Green Co. Court House where it was probably deposited by the Rev. Benj. Lyman when he came in his latter years to southern Ky. to spend his last years with a brother. "Manoah Gordon & Nancy Bartlett Feb. 29, 1800."

I have been unable to find any account of his ^{Noah's} owning land in Green Co., Ky. My mother-in-law's ^{other} over

grandfather - Moses Hart - did.

There is a tradition existing in the family that a monument of some sort is still on the graves of Noah Gordon's parents, in some country graveyard in some county of Ky.; that not only contains the father's name but also those of all of his children.

In what Ky. county is this grave, do you know? I wish as much I could find it.

I also want to learn the name of Nancy (Bartlett) Gordon's father.

Abraham Lincoln was a guest at the marriage of Sarah Gordon and Moses P. Hart (son of Moses) Oct. 14, 1831 in Sangamon Co., Ill. And he really did "split rails" for Grandfather Gordon either in Ky. or Ind.

Noah Gordon rem. to Sangamon Co., Ill. 1829, thence to Polk Co., Mo. in 1838 settling among the pioneers of that section near Halfway, in Benton Twp., where his house is still standing.

He was b. "in Va." (U.S. Census records) May 8, 1779 + d. Apr. 21, 1845.
His wife (Nancy Bartlett) in U.C. " " " Feb. 14, 1784 + d. July 7, 1844.

They are buried in the Hendrickson burying ground near Bolivar, I have visited their graves and have pictures of them.

Nancy (Bartlett) Gordon was visiting her daughter, Lydia Hendrickson, when she died which accounts for their being buried away from their home.

When Noah Gordon was stricken with his last illness he insisted on having his bed placed in a wagon bed and being hauled to Bolivar to insure his

being buried beside his wife whom he devotedly loved.

He repeatedly urged his son-in-law—David ~~Hendrickson~~ to hurry. He either died on the way or immediately after reaching the Hendrickson home.

But I fear I will bore you so will close asking you to give me any information you may have along these lines or of the persons mentioned

Very respectfully

Mrs. Thomas M. Cory

1428 Schiller Ave.

Little Rock, Ark.

August 9, 1933

Mrs. Thos. M. Cory
1428 Schiller Avenue
Little Rock, Arkansas

Dear Madam:

I have seen your request in the Kentucky State Historical Register for information about the family of Noah Gordon.

Possibly you are aware of the fact that Noah Gordon entered land in what is now Spencer County, Indiana as early as December 13, 1817, settling close by the home of Thomas Lincoln.

It is a well known fact that he and Thomas Lincoln were close friends and both attended the same church.

As late as April 19, 1829 Noah Gordon and his wife Nancy sold some land to John Romine.

In a letter which Abraham Lincoln wrote to Nathaniel Briggsby on December 20, 1860 Lincoln said he had had two letters from John Gordon "who is living somewhere in Missouri, I forget exactly where, and he said his father and mother are still living near him."

I am wondering if you know what became of the letters which Lincoln must have written to John Gordon in reply to those he received. I do not know that they have been preserved and are probably unknown to Lincoln historians.

If I might help you further in this matter I will be very glad to do so.

Very sincerely yours,

Director
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation

LAW:LH

Little Rock, Ark.
August 23^d, 1933

Louis A. Warren
Director Lincoln Memorial
Fort Wayne, Indiana

My Dear Sir:

I thank you for prompt response to my query in the Ky. Register as it contains additional data re the Gordons. I have long suspected the two families left Ky. at, or near, the same time and your letter confirms this idea.

I wish to ask you for more information but will do so on a separate sheet.

In reply to your question concerning the two Lincoln letters to John Gordon must say I had never before heard of them. Am afraid they were not preserved.

However a son of John Gordon survives him - John Gordon of Afton, Okla. - and a daughter Louisa whose married name I do not know.

This John Gordon, of Afton, Okla., is a first cousin of my mother-in-law - Mrs. Rhoda Scott (Hart) Cory - who was a daughter of Sarah (Gordon) Hart. John Gordon, father of John of Afton, and his first cousin Sarah Anne, daughter of Elijah Gordon a younger brother of Noah's.

John Gordon of Afton, Okla. is very old and his writing hard to read, but I am sure would reply if you wrote him about these letters. Either he or ^{over}

his sister may have them. I hope you may find
them. I have been quite ill the past few
weeks but hope you can pardon this delay
in answering your inquiry

Respectfully

Mrs. Thomas M. Cory
1428 Schiller Ave.
Little Rock, Ark.

A letter simply addressed to
Mr. John Gordon
Afton, Okla. will reach
him if he is still living.

Mrs. Cory

August 30, 1933

Mrs. Thomas M. Cory
1428 Schiller Ave.
Little Rock, Ark.

My dear Mrs. Cory:

I was very glad indeed to hear from you and learn of your interest in the Gordon family. I feel quite certain that the Gordons lived near the Lincolns in Kentucky. The old County Seat was Elizabethtown and possibly she could write to the clerk there for information.

Such information as I have on the Indiana Gordons I will be glad to send on the attached sheet.

If I come across further information about this family I will be very glad to advise you, as it is very evident they were very closely associated with the Lincolns.

I never have come across the Bartlette name in Kentucky so I could not be of any assistance to you in the maternal ancestry.

Thank you for the name of John Gordon's son, to whom I will write.

Very sincerely yours,

LAW:EB
Enc. 1

Director
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation

James Hentley Sr. bought a tract of land in Rockport near the boat landing on the Ohio River for his son Allen Hentley in 1826. This was bought for convenience in preparing and shipping the Hentley produce down river.

Abe Hentley, grandson of Allen, now living in Rockport has the old deed to this land. Another grandson, James, lives on the land now and owns it, 1934.

The Roby family, neighbors of the Hentleys and Lincoln near Jonesboro, came to Rockport to keep house for Allen Hentley in 1826.

In 1828, March 19th, Allen Hentley and Ann Caroline Roby were married in Rockport. Record of this in old marriage record book in County Court House in Rockport.

In Ward Hill Lamon's book "Lincoln's youth and Early Manhood" he speaks of the flatboat trip that Abe took to New Orleans from Rockport.

In a story by William E. Barton published July 23rd 1927 in "The

Dearborn Independent" is the mention² of the flatboat trip that Abe made to New Orleans from Rockport.

Barton has Ann & Allen not married at this time and calls Ann "Katy" both statements erroneous.

Allen Hentry was flatboatman, farmer, merchant and owner of a ferry here at Rockport.

Absalom Hentry (Allen's son) was flatboatman, farmer and merchant.

Louis Hentry (Absalom's son) was flatboatman and farmer.

All three of these men used the same boat landing and Allen told his son Absalom that when he and Lincoln stood and watched slaves sold in New Orleans that Abe was very angry and said "If I ever get a chance to hit this thing I'll hit it hard." Absalom told Louis this remark many times.

Kansas City Star 2/12/37

MANY FRIENDS PLAYED A PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF LINCOLN

Kansas State College Professor Lists Group, Including the Rail Splitter's Step-mother, Who Influenced Character and Lent Helping Hands to the Great Emancipator—Tradition of Neighborliness Figures Large in Career of Man Whose 128th Anniversary Is Observed Today.

Abraham Lincoln, born 128 years ago today, is viewed less as a phenomenon, more as a man clearly related to his frontier environment in the following article by C. E. Rogers, head of the department of industrial journalism and printing, Kansas State college. It is based on the research of a veteran student of Lincoln lore.

THE Lincoln of legend is a self-made man, a sort of spiritual emergence of a tribal god of America. But the Lincoln of reality was plastic clay passed from hand to hand by human potters there in the frontier communities of Indiana and Illinois, asserts Dr. Edwin Cyrus Miller of Kansas State college, life-long student of Lincoln and product of a rural environment similar to that from which Lincoln emerged. Dr. Miller has studied all the important works among the more than 5,000 published books and pamphlets on Lincoln. He has visited every place in Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois which is associated with the life of this illustrious man.

From all those who influenced the development of Lincoln, Dr. Miller has selected seven-



DR. EDWIN CYRUS MILLER, PROFESSOR IN PLANT PHYSIOLOGY AT KANSAS STATE COLLEGE, MANHATTAN, AND LINCOLN STUDENT.

teen men, one woman, and one small, crowd-like group of men. They, says Dr. Miller, made Lincoln.

Though Dr. Miller's field is botany—he is a world authority in plant physiology and professor of this subject—Lincoln has been his hobby and hero ever since he first formed impressions in a little log cabin farm home in Southern Ohio a few years after the end of the Civil War. Says Dr. Miller:

Salem rough-and-ready fighters, who formed Lincoln's first political machine.

BOWLING GREEN—Justice of the peace at New Salem, who was a Democrat but urged Lincoln to enter politics in order that that portion of the country might be represented in the legislature. Let him read his law books.

MENTOR GRAHAM—New Salem teacher, who helped Lincoln master the rudiments of grammar and of surveying, and helped him prepare the first Lincoln state paper—his address to the people of Sangamon County in support of his candidacy for state representative.

JOHN CALHOUN—Sangamon County surveyor, who hired Lincoln as his assistant, thus enabling him to earn money and gain a wide acquaintance among voters.

JAMES SHORT—A well-to-do farmer of New Salem, who bid in Lincoln's surveying instruments and horse when they were taken on a judgment and restored them to the impoverished young politician.

COLEMAN SMOOT—New Salem's "rich man," who lent Lincoln \$200 with which to buy a suit of clothes and to pay his traveling expenses occasioned by his election to the state legislature.

JOSHUA FRY SPEED—Springfield merchant, who shared his lodging room with Lincoln when he was unable to furnish one for himself.

WILLIAM BUTLER—Springfield political leader, who boarded Lincoln free and used his influence to advance him to a place of prominence in the state legislature.

JOHN TODD STUART—Lincoln's first law partner, the foremost Whig leader in Illinois, representative in congress. Officer in the Black Hawk War where he met Lincoln and urged him to study law.

STEVEN TRIGG LOGAN—Lincoln's second law partner. Polished lawyer with capable business methods.

WILLIAM HENRY HERNDON—Lincoln's third law partner. Abolitionist, astute politician.

LEONARD SWETT—Illinois attorney and close personal friend of Lincoln, who was in part responsible for starting the Lincoln-for-President boom.

DAVID DAVIS—Illinois district judge with whom Lincoln rode the circuit, who managed Lincoln's candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination, and whom Lincoln, as President, appointed justice of the United States supreme court.

JESSE W. FELL—Publisher, businessman, politician, and one of the original boosters of Lincoln for President

THREE PERIODS OF GROWTH.

The years of importance in Lincoln's character growth naturally divide themselves, according to his place of residence, into three periods. He lived for fourteen years previous to his coming of age on his father's Pigeon Creek farm in Indiana near the village of Gentryville, hence this span is known as the Gentryville period. The next seven years are associated with Lincoln's life at New Salem, Ill.—the New Salem period. Then followed the Springfield period, from his twenty-eighth year until his election to the presidency.

Gentryville included the widely publicized log-cabin days. The Lincolns lived in a hut that, viewed from the standpoint of modern middle class American standards, was incredibly primitive. It was constructed of un-

"When one contemplates the attainments of any great personage he is perplexed to fathom how much of that success is due to the inherent qualities possessed by the individual and how much is due to the favorable circumstances in life presented for the proper exercise of these inherited faculties. The example of Lincoln is no exception.

"While he had the native ability necessary for his attainments and the astuteness to make the most of the opportunities presented, there were a score or more individuals who made possible the right opportunity."

THE FRIENDS OF LINCOLN.

The characters in the drama of Abraham Lincoln Dr. Miller sets down thus:

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN—Second wife of Tom, stepmother of Abraham Lincoln. Although illiterate, had an appreciation of culture and refinement.

DAVID TURNHAM—Well-to-do farmer and justice of the peace living near Gentryville, who lent Lincoln the first law book he ever studied. A follower of Clay.

WILLIAM WOOD—A small farmer of Gentryville, who subscribed to newspapers and let Lincoln read them. An ardent practitioner and advocate of temperance.

WILLIAM JONES—Gentryville storekeeper and a follower of Clay, who first interested Lincoln in politics.

DENTON OFFUT—New Salem merchant, who made Lincoln manager of his store.

CLARY GROVE BOYS—Youthful gang of New Salem. He read the book many times. Besides the 400 pages of laws, it contained the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the first twelve amendments, the Virginia act of cession of the Northwest Territory, the ordinance of 1787, the act of admitting Indiana and the first state constitution.

LIBRARY OF STEPMOTHER.

One of the Lincoln traits upon which all biographers agree is his passion for reading. He was, of course, encouraged by his stepmother, and though she could not read, it was her small shelf of books which Abe first read. Before she came to the Lincoln cabin it contained no books, not even the Bible. His stepmother's library included "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Sinbad the Sailor," Aesop's Fables and the Bible. These Lincoln had consumed—perhaps partly by the light of logs in the cabin fireplace before he came upon the Turnham volume.

In this informal university of the backwoods, another neighbor, William Wood, was Abe's professor of English composition. Abe called him "uncle." This interested neighbor, 45 when Abe was 18, read Lincoln's crude poetry and adolescent prose, encouraged and criticized the young writer. Wood subscribed to Cincinnati newspapers containing ably written editorials and speeches by Henry Clay and other public men of the day and had in his possession magazines and pamphlets on temperance. Abe borrowed the newspapers and mastered their contents. Thus he obtained training in writing, speaking and understanding the currents of thought in the greater world outside his community and incidentally became a firm believer in abstinence from tobacco and liquor.

The reading of his young manhood which more than anything else turned Lincoln toward his ultimate place in history was that leading paper of the West, the Louisville Journal, exponent of Henry Clay's theories of government.

The Louisville paper came to William Jones, Gentryville merchant and landowner. Jones, like Turnham and Wood, was a National Republican and follower of Clay. These three, and the newspapers they lent Lincoln, surely impressed him with the need of applying Clay's program to the social and economic life of this frontier country. After Lincoln moved away from Gentryville he became an ardent Whig. The political lessons that he learned while growing up became a part of his mature philosophy.

hewn logs. Its one and only room was only 18 by 20 feet in size. At one time in Lincoln's childhood no fewer than nine persons lived in this room.

But Sarah Bush Lincoln brought order and harmony into this log cabin household. As she scrubbed the grimy hands and face of her stepson, his mind by her example as by her vigorous personality was turned upon a disciplined, self-respecting plane. Abe Lincoln was rescued from an oblivion toward which all his environment, save only her timely influence, was carrying him with the unemotional certainty of commonplace circumstance.

Tom Lincoln, stirred to action, put in a puncheon floor, overhauled the fireplace, installed a door, fashioned greased paper for a window. Something of a carpenter, he made beds of poles and constructed a table, stools and hickory chairs.

After his stepmother came David Turnham, William Wood and William Jones, all Gentryville friends. They were his boyhood neighbors whom young Abe knew best and respected most. They were above the ordinary in ability and they were ardent followers of Henry Clay.

Turnham was a farmer and a justice of the peace, six years older than Lincoln. Some time before Lincoln left Gentryville he borrowed from Turnham and read with great thoroughness a book that influenced the thread of his whole life, for the book contained the A B C's of American law and political philosophy. It was a 500-page volume entitled "Revised Laws of Indiana," Lincoln's introduction upon the sensitive Lincoln nature. The impact of Mentor Graham's personality perhaps had the most profound effect of any upon him. It was Graham who inducted Lincoln into political life at New Salem when he appointed him clerk of the election at the very start of his New Salem residence. Graham advised Lincoln to study grammar and helped him master its rudiments. Also he tutored him in surveying so that he could accept the position of deputy surveyor in the county. Graham assisted, advised and criticized the writing of Lincoln's early political papers.

Turnham, Wood and Jones had been good teachers.

THE MOVE TO ILLINOIS.

In February, 1830, the month and the year in which Abe came of age, the Lincolns moved from Southern Indiana to a farm on the banks of the Sangamon River, eight miles southwest of Decatur, Ill., and a frontiersman's walking distance from New Salem. Denton Offut, a little man always bubbling over with mercantile projects, sent for John Hanks and Lincoln in the spring of 1831 and hired them to take a floatboat from Springfield to New Orleans. The Offut river enterprise led to the formation of a friendship between Abe and the merchant, resulting in Lincoln's being invited to assist Offut in a store which he planned to open at New Salem. Abe arrived at the hamlet on the Sangamon in July, 1831. Offut made a hero of his tall, strong assistant and wagered a bet of \$5 that Lincoln could throw anybody who would wrestle with him. The other merchant selected as his champion Jack Armstrong, leader of the Clary Grove Boys, a gang of rough-and-ready young fellows who lived in a settlement three miles from New Salem.

The two wrestlers were evenly matched and after many futile efforts in which they tried every trick of the contest and exhausted most of their strength, Lincoln offered a truce.

"Jack, let's quit," said Abe. "I can't throw you—you can't throw me."

With this sporting, good humored proposal the contest ended a draw. From that moment the Clary Grove boys became Abe's friends and as time went on he became their hero.

The Clary Grove boys formed the nucleus of a political machine which carried Sangamon County for Lincoln when he ran for a seat in the state legislature. In Lincoln's first race, a year after he became a resident of New Salem, only three votes of the 208 cast in the precinct opposed him, though he was defeated in the county as a whole. Lincoln enlisted for the Black Hawk War, so did the Clary Grove boys. They elected him captain, with Jack Armstrong as top sergeant. After Lincoln's failure in the grocery business, friends rallied to him. They obtained his appointment as postmaster at New Salem and the post of assistant county surveyor. In his second campaign they elected him state representative in the general assembly from Sangamon County, a position he held consecutively for four terms.

WORK OF MENTOR GRAHAM.

The men of New Salem made a deep impres-

sion upon the sensitive Lincoln nature. The impact of Mentor Graham's personality perhaps had the most profound effect of any upon him. It was Graham who inducted Lincoln into political life at New Salem when he appointed him clerk of the election at the very start of his New Salem residence. Graham advised Lincoln to study grammar and helped him master its rudiments. Also he tutored him in surveying so that he could accept the position of deputy surveyor in the county. Graham assisted, advised and criticized the writing of Lincoln's early political papers.

Although he was then not a member of the bar, Lincoln was permitted to practice law in embryonic fashion at New Salem. The justice of the peace, Bowling Green, used to let tall, droll Abe argue a case now and then. Abe entertained the rural judge. The 300-pound bulk of justice would shake with laughter at Lincoln's long tales. But Green was duly impressed also with Lincoln's ability. Meanwhile Lincoln was learning easy lessons in law.

It was John Calhoun, the county surveyor, who appointed Lincoln his deputy, who advised Lincoln to study law seriously. But an even greater contribution toward shaping the Lincoln career was his appointment as deputy surveyor. The work helped provide Lincoln with much-needed funds and it gained him an opportunity to widen his acquaintance over all of Sangamon County later to be capitalized as political equipment.

Lincoln's success as a politician in the legislature resulted in the Sangamon County representatives obtaining the removal of the state capital to Springfield. And because Lincoln was leader of the group, he became a hero in Springfield. To that city therefore he went to practice law in 1837, having been admitted to the bar the same year.

O. V. BROWN
PRESS NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS, SCENIC SOUTHERN
INDIANA, OHIO RIVER AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN
HISTORICAL LANDMARKS.
DALE, IND.

May 10 1938.

Lincoln Life Insurance Co.,

Dr. Louis A. Warren,

Fort Wayne Indiana.

Dear sir:

Just lately the collection of mine has several more letters and books.

A letter to Gentry Store, Spencer Co. Ia. from Bardstown Ky. School and James Gentry account book. Paper showing sale of a negro girl. School Agreement of 1834, Old notes to Josiah Crawford, Paper of 1817 showing names of James L. Cooper, David Turnham, John Taylor, and Isaac Whiteside. Another of 1833 with names of James Gentry and James L. Cooper.

School attendance book shows names of Grigsby, Gentry, Kelly, Romine, Crawford, Sally, Hagen, Hoskins, Parker, Oskins, Jackson, Pollard, Posey, Mason, Harris. Teachers name was J. L. Cooper. August 15th 1836. Mr. J. W. Cooper now living in Dale, Carter Township. Spencer County, Indiana. has an old violin case full of old papers, mostly tax receipts, so I look over them, Wm Barker and several others names are mentioned.

Miss Jsaphine Richey, of 654 N. Columbia St., Frankfort Indiana says the old law book of David Turnhams, the one that A. Lincoln read while he was in township, is now located in some Library, ?

Find enclosed card for Lincoln Lore.

Yours truly,

O. V. Brown.

OVB brown



May 13, 1938

Mr. O. V. Brown
Dale, Indiana

My dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you very much for the interesting information you have gathered about the Lincoln family and also for the postal card pictures which you enclosed. I hope to be able to go down and see you again one of these days.

Very truly yours,

LAW:BS

Director

not paid

May 1938

Box 250 3/20/38

sent to Mr. Brown May 13 1938

*over by Mr. Brown to Mr. Brown
of the Lincoln family
to be sent to Mr. Brown*

Dr. Brown



SANTA CLAUS CAMP GROUND SANTA CLAUS, INDIANA



Taken Jan. 1938

Troop No. 1

Boy Scouts of America.

Assistant S.M. & Lincoln Troop of Oak Ind.

over 1/2 of members are descendants
of the Lincoln near migration.
while he was living in Indiana.

Mr. Brown. S.M.

LINCOLN HISTORY STORIES

How About Libraries of the Lincoln Neighbors

In the last issue of The Monitor attention was called to the 450 volume library of Lawyer John A. Brackenridge, near Boonville; and this started some questions and thoughts about some other libraries of the Lincoln neighbors during the residence of the Lincoln family in this county.

There is more than just tradition concerning some of the libraries of these neighbors and from the writer's knowledge gained through about thirteen years of research and acquaintanceship among the descendants of a few of the Lincoln neighbors this estimate—in other words, purely a guess—of the size of some of the libraries of the Lincoln neighbors previous to the year of 1830.

Home	Volumes
Rev. Peter Brooner	20
Rev. John Richardson	20
Reuben Grigsby, Sr.	100
which includes the text books of the children brought from colleges	
William Jones	40
Col. Bill Barker	20
Josiah Crawford	40
David Turnham	40
George Huffman	40
Niahr and Austin Lincoln	20
Walter Taylor	20
Francis Posey	20
James Gentry	20
Acquilla Huff, a surveyor	20
Jerusha Ray family	20
John Carter	10
William Kelley	20
Uriah Lamar	20
Taylor Basye	20
Samuel Hammond	20
Daniel Grass	100
John Pitcher	100

And these are only a few of the families within a distance of twenty-five miles of the Lincoln home during Abe's main reading years, 1825-1830; and there were likely at least four hundred other families — not all of whom were illiterate and devoid of books. But suppose the estimate is too large and, allowing for duplications, how many volumes would you suggest came within the reach of the young Abe Lincoln?

Indianapolis, Indiana
February 12, 1958

From the Indiana Forest

It was a day in 1844.

Abraham Lincoln, then 35, had come back to Spencer County, Indiana, to greet the friends and neighbors of his boyhood.

He made a speech for Henry Clay, who was running for president. What must have been more in his heart, however, is reflected in a poem he wrote, titled "My Childhood Home."

It was not very good poetry. But the depth of its sentiment is unmistakable:

*My childhood home I see again,
And sadden with the view:
And, still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it, too.*

*O Memory, thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed, and loved ones
lost,*

In dreamy shadows rise!

*Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.*

Abraham Lincoln never forgot his Hoosier heritage.

On numerous public occasions, he made it a point to remark that he was "raised" in Indiana.

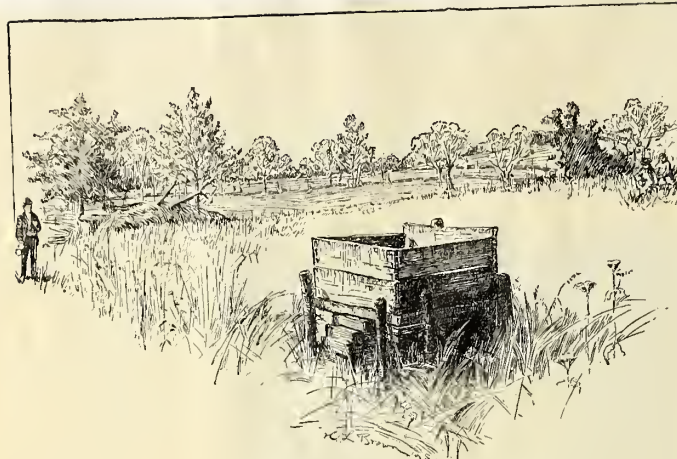
Someone has said that England's battles were won on the playing fields of Eton.

In that sense, it can truly be said that the Union was saved and the slaves were freed because this man, whose birthday anniversary a grateful nation observes today, was "raised" in the God-given majesty of the primeval Indiana forest.

CRAWFORD HOUSE

This cut shows the house of Josiah Crawford, where Abraham and Sarah Lincoln were employed. Lincoln is said to have helped in the digging of a well in a near-by field.

T.I-198



CRAWFORD WELL.

In a field near the Crawford house is a well which is pointed out to sight-seers as one which Lincoln helped to dig. Many things about the Crawford place—fences, corn-cribs, house, barn—were built in part by Mr. Lincoln.



THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

The house of Josiah Crawford, near Gentryville, Indiana. Here Mr. Lincoln worked by the day for several months, and his sister was a "hired girl" for Mrs. Crawford. In 1829 Mr. Lincoln cut down timber and whip-sawed it into planks for a new house which his father proposed to build; but Thomas Lincoln had decided to go to Illinois before the new house was begun, and Abraham sold his planks to Mr. Crawford, who worked them into the southeast room of his house, where relic-seekers have since cut them to pieces to make canes. This picture is made after a photograph taken before the death of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, both of whom are shown here.

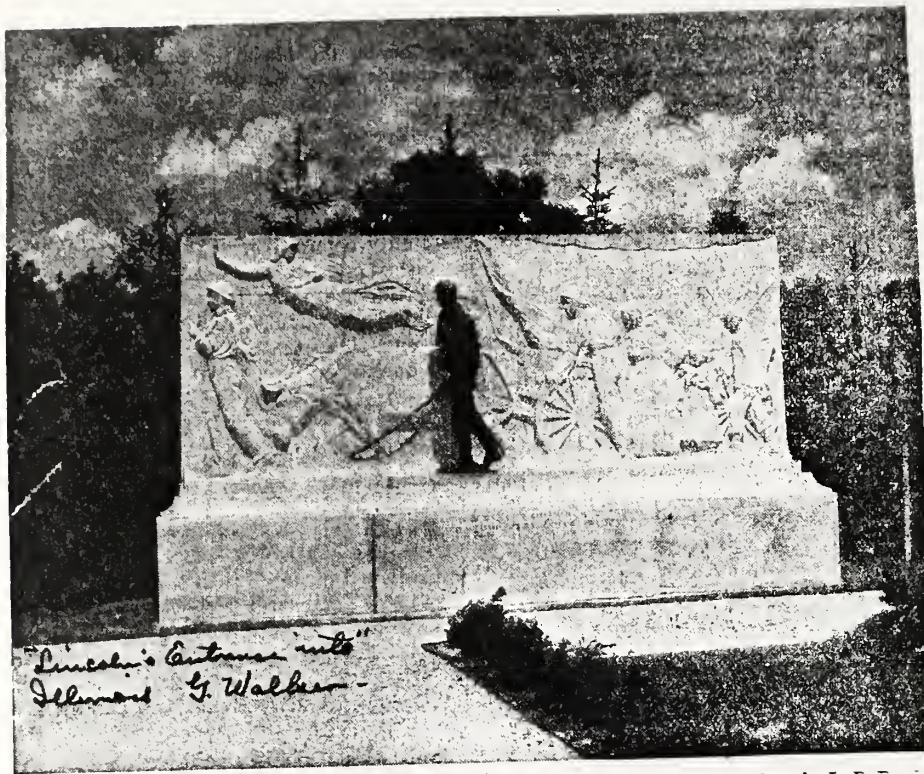
STORIES OF LINCOLN.

Reminiscences Missed by His Biographers
Gathered in the "Old Salem" Region.

Uncle Henry Sears, Aunt Vashli, and other "old settlers" of the Old Salem region delight in giving their personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln, while that "rather gawkish and awkward youth" was keeping store on the banks of the Sangamon, and relate some recollections that have failed to reach the biographers Hay and Nicolay.

The late Jesse Baker said: "The new clerk in the Salem Store drew much attention from the very first. His striking, awkward, and generally peculiar appearance advertised the store round about and drew many customers, who never quit trading there as long as young Abe Lincoln clerked in the establishment. He gave good weight; he was chock full of accommodation, and he wasn't a 'smart Aleck'. A large majority of the people, after making his acquaintance said: 'He has a heart as big as a flour barrel and a head full of the best kind of brains.' All liked him excepting the few rowdies of Clary's Grove and the boss bully, Hickey. Hickey was attracted to the store about four days after the new clerk's arrival. Boss Hickey took his measure and forthwith bantered him for a wrestle. Lincoln pleasantly informed the intruding ruffian that he would rather be excused, as he did not feel like dirtying his fine clothes. Hickey, however, harped away on his single-tuned lyre until young Abe consented to wrestle in a playful way. Mr. Baker watched the store and viewed the conflict. The performers shook hands, clinched and fell in a luxuriant growth of dog fennel and smart weeds. Hickey foamed and tried to choke Lincoln, who repelled that charge by rubbing the under fellow's face with a bunch of smart weeds. It made him howl; the smarting quite vanquished him; he cried 'enough' and Lincoln calmly arose from his game, and that was the only fight he ever fought while in the Sangamon country. Hickey quit drinking, joined the church, and solemnly confessed his many sins at the prayer meetings." Uncle Baker said that he subsequently, when Lincoln had become a surveyor, sometimes carried the chain for him, and distinctly remembered being along with him off Quiver creek in Mason county during the presidential race between Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson. Lincoln was a strong Whig while the other surveyor was a fierce Democrat. Each owned a dog. Lincoln's dog was named Clay, while the other's title was Jackson. While camping near Simmons' mill the dogs treed a coon. The surveyors bet \$5 on their respective curs. Lincoln hastily climbed the tree on a rude 'Indian ladder,' and crawling on the coon limb he shook it with such force that it broke, throwing the varmint and himself among the dogs. Young Abe sprained his ankle, but Clay mopped the ground with the coon and rejoiced all over with his tail, for his master had won the \$5.

Uncle Henry Sears and his wife, Aunt Vashli, say that they were well acquainted with storekeeper Lincoln and his lady-love, Ann Rutledge. They attended her funeral and think that such a nice girl as Ann deserves a handsome tombstone. Young Lincoln took her death awful hard, they say. He strolled moodily around the neighborhood for the next three or four weeks humming sad songs and writing them with chalk on fences and barns. It was generally feared that the death of Ann Rutledge would drive him insane.



Retired Pastor Tells How Lincoln Rode Runaway Steer Without Halter

A story of how Abraham Lincoln, as a youth in southern Indiana, rode and controlled a runaway steer without aid of halter or rope was related Tuesday by Dr. J. G. Schaal, 97-year-old retired Methodist minister, who spent his own boyhood in Spencer county within three miles of the cabin where the Civil War President lived for several years.

In 1847 Dr. Schaal came with his parents to Wheeling, W. Va., from Wurtemberg, Germany, his birthplace. Nine years later the family went to Santa Fe, Ind. This was several years after the Lincoln family had moved away, but the Schaal family became acquainted with many persons who knew Lincoln.

Steer Escapes.

One of them, Dr. Schaal said, was a young man whose last name was Wood—a chum of young Abe, as he was called by everyone. Wood's father had sold Thomas Lincoln a pair of steers, one of which escaped from the farm of the new owner and returned to the Wood farm.

Shortly thereafter, Dr. Schaal said, young Lincoln came ambling along to the Wood farm. Seeing that he had no halter or no rope with which to lead the steer, Mr. Wood inquired:

"How do you expect to take him home with you?"

"Ride him," was the cryptic reply of the 'teen-age Lincoln.

The steer was soon cornered, whereupon Abe walked up to him, patted him on the head and then swung himself upon the steer's back. The beast turned sharply, then headed into the forest. Two weeks later young Lincoln was back at the Wood farm.

"How did you get the steer home?" he was asked.

"Oh, I used a hickory switch," he said. "When I wanted him to go right, I tapped him on the left side of his nose and when I wanted him to go the other way, I hit him on the right side."

Reads Niece's Nuptials.

Dr. Schaal arrived in Indianapolis from Toledo, O., Friday to officiate at the marriage last Saturday of his great-niece, Miss Juanita Hamp, and Dr. Robert K. George. The wedding took place in the home of Miss Hamp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hamp, 3251 Baltimore avenue. Mrs. Hamp is Dr. Schaal's niece and her marriage to Mr. Hamp 30 years ago

also was performed by Dr. Schaal in their Baltimore avenue home.

It was while he was living in Santa Fe that the town's name was changed to the one now known round the world—Santa Claus. Santa Fe residents wanted to have a post office but postal officials refused on the ground that there was then another post office in the northern part of the state by the same name. It being near Christmas time, someone suggested Santa Claus and Santa Claus it became, Dr. Schaal said.

"My father became a naturalized citizen five years after coming to the United States," the minister related. "He was a Democrat politically but our family was opposed to slavery. In 1860 my mother and I persuaded him to vote for Lincoln.

Becomes Pastor at 19.

Dr. Schaal became a minister when only 19 and for more than 50 years held pastorates in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. In 1884-85 he was pastor of the New Jersey Street Methodist Church. For seven years after his retirement in 1918, Dr. Schaal continued his ministerial duties. For two years he was chaplain in Bethesda Hospital at Cincinnati, O.; four years he was a pastor in Evansville.

Three years ago two daughters and a son, living in Toledo, asked him to re-establish his home with them at 2121 Maplewood avenue.

Dr. Schaal enjoys walking as an exercise and only three months ago made a hike of three miles.

LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE.

ANECDOTES TOLD BY TALKATIVE OLD UNCLE JOHNNY POTTER.

The Last Egg at Breakfast — The Wrestling Match With Jack Armstrong — Exploits as a Rail Splitter — Things that Happened in 1831.

It was while Congressman Springer was speaking at the Menard (Ills.) fair grounds that Mr. Lanning, one of the prominent men of Petersburg, brought an old gentleman away from the crowd and said to him, "Uncle Johnny, here's a correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He wants to see somebody who knew Mr. Lincoln when he lived here. You are just the one to talk to him." And Uncle Johnny Potter, kindly-faced, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, a slight deafness, careful of his words, and with a recollection of detail that was marvelous, began to talk of things that happened in 1831.

"The first time I ever saw Abe Lincoln," he said, "was that summer. I was just starting in life myself on my place, below here, and had a log cabin. In front of the house was a tolerably low rail fence I had built, maybe five rails high. We had done breakfast a few minutes, when two young men came walking along the road. One of them was Abe. A man named Offut was going to start a grocery at Salem. That was the town then, just up the river a couple of miles, above where Petersburg is now. Offut had engaged Abe to clerk for him, and Abe was walking up to go to work in the store. He had slept that night at Clary's Grove, and when he and the young man with him got along to my place they wanted to know if they could get a bite to eat. The old woman fixed them up something; the things were on the table, and they had their breakfast. When they had got through they came out, and Abe straddled over that five-rail fence as if it wasn't in the way at all. I expect he would have gone over it just as easy if it had been higher, for he had powerful long legs. When he got out to the road he turned and looked back at the table and said: 'There's only one egg left; I believe I'd better make a clean thing of it.' So he straddled the fence again, got the egg, and went off—laughing like a boy, shuffling the egg from one hand to the other and then peeling and eating it. That was the first time I saw Abe, but I saw a good deal of him afterward, for Salem was where we all went to do our trading."

THE WRESTLING MATCH.

"Uncle Johnny, tell him about the wrestling match with father," said a sturdy, middle-aged man, with a pleasant face. "You remember all about that."

The speaker was Jack Armstrong, the son of the famous Jack Armstrong, who was the champion in all athletic sports in this valley of the Sangamon fifty years ago.

"I remember it," said Uncle Johnny. "Your father was considered the best man in all this country for a scuffle. In a wrestle, shoulder or back holds, there was now and then a man he couldn't get away with. When Lincoln came into this country there was a crowd called the Clary Grove boys, who pretty much had their own way, and Jack Armstrong was the leader among them. Most every new man who came into the neighborhood had to be tried. Lincoln was pretty stout, and the boys made it up to see what there was in him. They got him to talking about wrestling one day, and he said he could throw any man around there. Bill Clary kept at Lincoln until he got him into a bet of \$5. Then he put Jack Armstrong against him. They were pretty well matched, but Abe was a good deal taller, and could bend over Jack. They wrestled a good while, and I think Abe had thrown Jack two joints, and was likely to get him down.

Clary, I expect, thought he was in danger of losing his money, for he called out: 'Throw him any way, Jack.' At that Jack loosed his back hold and grabbed Abe by the thigh, and threw him in a second. Abe got up pretty mad. He didn't say much, but he told somebody that if it ever came right he would give Bill Clary a good licking. You see, the hold Jack took was fair in a scuffle, but not in a wrestle, and they were wrestling. After that Abe was considered one of the Clary Grove boys. I believe they called him president of their club. Abe and Jack got to be great friends, and Abe used to stay at Jack's house."

"Yes," said the Jack Armstrong whom the Petersburg of to-day knows, "I've heard mother tell many times how she foxed Mr. Lincoln's trousers when he got to be surveyor. You see the cloth wouldn't last no time out in the brush and grass and briers where surveyors had to tramp. So they used to sew a covering of buckskin on the outside of the legs. That's what was called foxing 'em."

AS A RAIL SPLITTER.

"What about Lincoln's exploits as a rail splitter?" Uncle Johnny was asked.

"He may have helped split rails when he was visiting some of the neighbors," the old man replied, "but he didn't make his living by it, as they said afterward when he was running to be president. I believe Abe and George Close took a job to cut 1,000 rails for somebody over the river one time, but that is about the only time I remember of Lincoln's splitting rails."

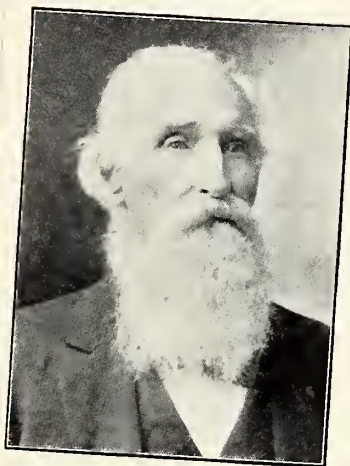
"Was he a good surveyor?"

"Yes, he was considered pretty good at it. I think the people had a great deal of confidence in the lines he run. Polk Ruggles, down at Ashland, below here, has got the plot of the town of Bath which Lincoln made."

"Abe," volunteered Riley Potter, one of the substantial farmers of Menard, "was mighty handy at frolics and parties. Most of the young people would sorter hang back, but Abe had a word for everybody, and especially for the smart girls. There couldn't any of them get the best of him. He was generally asked to help wait on the table and make folks feel sociable. One night Abe was helping the visitors, and there was a girl there who thought herself pretty smart. When Abe got to her he asked her if he should help her. She said she'd take something. Abe, he filled up her plate pretty well, and when he passed it to her she says, quite pert and sharp: 'Well, Mr. Lincoln, I didn't want a cartload.'

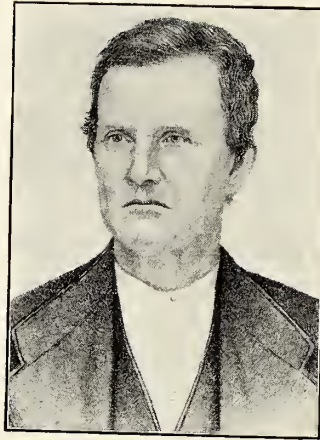
Abe never let on that he heard her, but went on helping the others. By and by Liddy got through, and when Abe came round her way again she said she believed she'd take a little more. 'All right, Miss Liddy,' says Abe, loud enough for the whole room to hear; 'back up your cart and I'll fill it again.' Of course, there was a big laugh. Liddy felt awful bad about it. She went off by herself and cried the whole evening."

Uncle Johnny smiled and shook his head when asked if "Honest Abe" was the name given Mr. Lincoln in Salem days. "I think," he said, "the most of us had more confidence in Abe's smartness than in his honesty. When Abe ran for the legislature, the time he was elected, Ned Potter and Hugh Armstrong had a pledge from him that he would try to get us cut off and made into a new county. You know this used to be a part of Sangamon. The division was the big question. We elected Abe on the Whig ticket, although the Democrats had the majority. Well, he put our petition in his pocket and didn't do anything for us. That is the way I recollect it. Afterward they cut us off and made this Menard county. Folks felt pretty sore about the way Lincoln did. He never came back here to live, but settled in Springfield and practiced law."—Petersburg (Ills.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.



*Courtesy Mrs. J. T. Hobson,
Odon, Indiana.*

Captain John W. Lamar, who
knew Abraham Lincoln in
Spencer County, Indiana



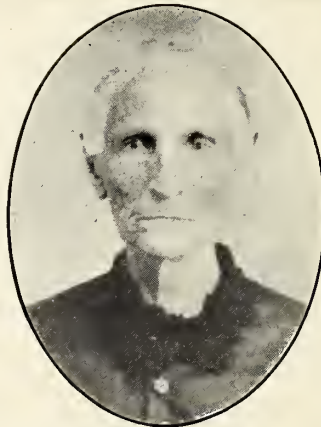
*Courtesy Mrs. J. T. Hobson,
Odon, Indiana.*

Hon. James Gentry, son of
the proprietor of Gentryville,
Indiana



*Courtesy Mrs. J. T. Hobson,
Odon, Indiana.*

Jacob S. Brother of
Rockport, Indiana



*Courtesy Mrs. J. T. Hobson,
Odon, Indiana.*

Elizabeth Grigsby, one of the
brides of the double wedding
which caused Lincoln to write
the "Chronicles of Reuben"

2000